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ST. LOUIS, MO.

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AND AUTHOR OF

"OCEAN WAVE," "EVENING THOUGHTS," et al Works.

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MATTER AND MIND,

OR

IMMORTALITY.

A LECTURE

DELIVERED BY WM. BUSH, ESQ., BEFORE THE ST. LOUIS LIBERAL LEAGUE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I am not here to teach you something new. I desire simply to present to you some of the pebbles gathered here and there on the hoary shore of Time, containing some suggestions and deductions by your humble servant.

What is matter? And secondly: What relation does mind sustain to organism in this life and in the hereafter? We speak here of matter as popularly understood—that which we recognize with our senses; that is: see and feel it. That something which occupies space, has form and weight. But the two senses of seeing and feeling are not the only ones by which we recognize matter; though these are the principal monitors which make us acquainted with the presence of matter in its grosser form—yet we find that the other three senses—as smelling, hearing and tasting, apprise us of the objective world around us. By the ear we recognize matter in motion, as it—through its effect 'sound,' enters the auricular tube and strikes the auditory nerve with its drum and its drum-sticks—which latter then apprise the sensorium of the mission, and nature of the approaching object—its shape, rapidity, and in what direction it comes. As soon as a projectile has left its place of rest and has entered the arena of the atmosphere, it sets in motion the particles in the air—which are in its course—and the result is sound; for it is only by the friction of the moving particles that sound is produced—to-wit: by the law of repulsion and attraction—negative and positive forces, otherwise known as the centripedal and centrifugal forces. The quality of the force depends on the nature of the projectile—whether hard or soft, polished or rough faced; whether round or angular, and thus accordingly will also be its sound; either shrill, or flat. The velocity and quality of the sound depends further on the medium it travels through, whether the air is dense or rare—dry or wet. So in taste: through the palate we classify the property of matter which comes in contact with it; whether it is sweet or bitter—luscious or tart. So the olfactory nerves are agents which apprise the intellect of the presence and of the kind of matter. The fragrance of the lily or rose, which embalms the morning air of spring, is matter exhaled from their chalices, and on a zephyr carried to your nasal organ. Yet in all the three latter cases we taste, hear, smell the presence of matter by its effect—yet to our naked eye it remains invisible—Thus we find that the air is one great ocean of moving matter which like a *midnight spectre recedes; as you approach.* To-day, chemists separate the air in its two main component parts, to-wit: oxygen and hydrogen—if they were not matter how could they be divided? Nay even more—nowadays scientists have succeeded by virtue of chemical agents and machinery to reduce the various parts of air and gases to liquids and from thence to matter—tangible to the feeling and visible to the naked eyes. This is a world of matter—some is opaque, some light, some solid, others liquid, some bulky, others attenuated; and invisible under certain conditions, all teeming with life. There lives and has its being in air, water and earth, a world of animal life not visible to the eye; with its myriads of animalcules which through the microscope we behold. Nay, look at that morning sun-beam which enters your chamber through an open shutter, you will find that it teems with life. Thus this Universe is one mass of matter, sometimes for convenience called organic and inorganic—reduced and classified into 64 primary elements, which in their various combinations give divers productions and exhibit different phenomena. Heat and Light, a property of matter, are likewise the moulders of nature—its creative agents—as well as the destroyers of animal and vegetable life. Heat in its laboratory of combustion—latent or tangible, dark or luminous, while it destroys organization, form, and life, at the same moment hatches the germs for new organization and new life, in place of that destroyed. We must speak of inorganic matter *cum grano salis.* Mostly all matter is organic; different substances are combined by cohesion, accretion, growth, or vitalization; and the elements are few which are pure and uncombined. Although

(2) chemistry can reduce this heterogeneous mass to its simple property, yet these simple elements do not remain long pure and inorganic, but form soon again a compound with some other matter and the process of organization—to create a new being—at once begins. When we speak of organic and inorganic matter, we have simply reference to the more or less combination, and the degree and time in which motion and growth is manifested. In the mineral world it is manifested by accretion caused by aquatic, atmospheric and caloric agencies. In the vegetable world organism is manifested in the shape of growth, prompted by the combined action of heat, light, water, air, and the power of absorption; thus here organic form becomes more diversified, more primary objects have gathered together and are more artistically combined. In consequence whereof vegetation manifests more potent and beautiful phenomena. And here we see a visible step towards voluntary motion and Life; for in some instances certain kinds of plants grow almost perceptible to the vision of the observer. Nay more, some of these plants are the connecting links between animal life and the grosser forms of vegetation. Behold the sea anemones, polyps, tube flowers, live coral, sponge, etc., which belong half to the vegetable and half to the animal kingdom. These tiny, cylindrical, funnel forms appear outward to be sea weeds, or flowers, yet some of them propagate by *ova*, nay, seem to have developed the sense of fear and precaution. For you see it in the water move almost imperceptibly, with delicate contractions and expansions, yet if you approach too close and disturb the water it will, like magic, disappear to its hollow cell, from which it had protruded to breathe and seek nourishment in the water. In the animal kingdom organic form has reached its highest type, being more homogeneous in the lower order of brute creation, and heterogeneous in that of man. Man contains all the elements of nature, therefore he is the epitome of the universe. Complex in combination and therefore heterogeneous in character and function. Having to some extent discussed matter and some of its relations and functions to organized life, we now proceed to the metaphysical question—What is mind? I lament that we still regard mental faculties, as pertaining to the metaphysical—still inferential, hypothetical and utopian—something beyond nature. I have come to the conclusion that mind cannot be found beyond nature: but in nature. That soul, mind and spirit are synonymous terms, that there is no difference of *kind* among them, that it is only a difference of degree and expression. Nay, that this subtle and sublimated agent called mind, causing man's breast to heave with *joy or sorrow*, is but an attribute of the world's Creator, and that each individual mind is a *unit* in the great sum of an all-controlling intelligence. The bible even says: "that God made man in his own image." If so, then we must possess the same attributes and germs of possibility possessed by our Creator. Yet we are told Adam and Eve fell. But an allwise Creator must have known before that such would be the case, as the maker of a musical instrument must know its capacities and faults. Why then punish that which he had designed? Besides, the bible does not relate that God did, after ejecting him from paradise, change man in his physical, mental, or moral qualities. According to its account he simply laid an *embargo* on the enjoyment and idleness of man; and bade him to eat his bread by the sweat of his brow. Before Adam and Eve's fall they had no children, and nobody else (according to biblical history) shared the tropical luxuries and pleasures of Paradise—so vast in its area. *Should they solitary and alone enjoy these things?* Only after the curse they began to work and to *multiply* themselves. I cannot conceive the pleasures and happiness Adam and Eve could have in Paradise. A life of inertia and idleness seems to me a burden instead of a pleasure. In addition, they lived in Paradise objectless, aimless and solitary; no sentient being to communicate with. Even Eve, before the fall, could be of no pleasure to Adam, because *she was no mate to him.* Her mission in life was only discovered after they fell, as narrated in the bible. God could have never intended to create such an objectless and aimless creation and creatures. God created men for activity, for production, to multiply, to be a factor in shaping this world's natural agencies, powers and functions. In cultivating his social, moral and intellectual nature so as to come nearer enrapport with the fountain head from which he sprang. Man in so doing will enjoy happiness. And for such objects it will be worth living. God could not have intended that the Saints shall in all eternity sit down and sing psalms. Never, never!

It is a fact that now, and for long years past, in and around Hamburg and along the sea coast the priests devoutly pray for storm and shipwreck (which they call 'strand segen,') in order that the fishermen and coasters along the shore might be enriched by the spoils which they could fish up. Thus celestial power is everywhere invoked to devour another and exalt oneself.

Of late years the tone of the pulpit has considerably changed for the best. In fact it could not have done otherwise, as the masses of the people have become more intelligent and liberal. The silent motor, the press, ever since it made its debut—through Gutenberg—has made war on the tenants of superstition. And it—the press—has been the educator, best friend and liberator

of the people. We want the church of to-day take more the character of (3) an educational institution, be more like a common quasi-home of the people, where they can gratify their social and religious instincts and desires; where their moral character can be guided, where their intellect will be enlightened. We want the minister to be more of a teacher, so that man will be better able to live in harmony with nature, and to discharge his social duties towards his fellow man and thereby diminish the amount of misery now existing. That man will learn to understand the laws of life and of the cosmos, and consequently live longer and happier. It is better to teach and learn matters which pertain to our mundane sphere than speculate and worry ourselves to death about the hereafter, from which we cannot escape, detract, or add an iota to. I wean, any how, that our hereafter will very much depend, whether we had here a healthy soul and body, lived a long and happy life, whether our morals had been pure and our intellects clear. According to these facts we will be grouped on the various stages of being in the hereafter. In short we need more humanitarianism. We want sound teachers to cultivate the intellectual and spiritual man. A good many churches yet blaze with hell, though they differ when it comes to locate hell. Some say it is in Gehena; another, below the earth, just at the opening of a volcanic crater; another, under the *Laus Avernus*; another in the sun, etc. Probably the latter place begot the idea, that it was a tolerably hot sort of a place. I have come to the conclusion that all of hell we have is right among us. We all have experienced more or less of it here, and some men (or women either) so much of it that, at least for 2 or 3 generations, they ought to enjoy heaven. *It is here* where we meet the *demons* of war, ignorance, *jealousy*, envy, discord and hatred; and *it is here* where we ought to manacle them and banish them from among us. We want harmony; the music of the soul. Like *Eurydice* who had been carried away by the god of hell, was brought back by Orpheus with his lyre; as Ixion forgot his wheel by listening to such bewildering music; Tantalus forgot his thirst; Pluto smiled and the Furies wept tears; so by eradicating these evils we will escape hell. We need a more healthy, harmonious development of body, the foundation of a well balanced brain and sound intellect. Your criminals are only half and disproportioned developed beings; which they have partly inherited, or acquired by a destructive mode of living, or both. Penitentiaries ought therefore to be reformatories, instead of institutions swinging the iron hand of vengeance and punishment. To this goal of liberty and harmony, mankind is marching on; freed from the shackles of superstitions and ignorance. To-day there are only comparatively few blind sheep left in the environs of civilization; who believe in the tale that Adam was fashioned out of clay like an earthen vessel in the potter's field, and that Eve was taken from his ribs.

Nature and the all controling ruler seem to act by immutable and unerring laws in all their departments. The seasons come and go at the regular time, vegetation blooms and decays in its regular season, man when he has reached a certain age and his organs become decayed, passes from this stage of action. Nay, astronomy teaches us that millions of worlds move in their grooves with the exactness of your time-piece. Thus we come to doubt the doctrines of miracles. The ancients called the soul *animus*, and the mind *pneuhma*. They said the former was mortal, and the latter immortal. This has been all along the doctrine. When receiving spiritual instruction, as a boy, from my parish pastor, I was taught the same doctrine, "that the soul was mortal and that it was only a function possessed by animals; while man possessed, in addition, an immortal mind." This pastor of mine had formulated a small pamphlet containing maxims, which were rather broad and too rational for the doctrines of the church; which he sought to inculcate in our young minds; to learn us, I supose, in after life to shoot the mark. And I give him credit for it. I have, however, since commenced to doubt the proposition that the soul is mortal, that it is something *different in kind from mind*, and that the animal world has nothing but a soul, whose helm is instinct. Practical observation shows that the boundary line between soul and mind, is rather shadowy and difficult to define. Personally I have come to the conclusion that, there is no difference of *kind* between them; but it is simply one of degree. The animal kingdom has been denied the faculty of so verbose an expression and speech as that with which man is endowed. Their actions may seem to the casual observer to be prompted by instinct. Yet, tested by the light of common sense and observation, we find that the action and expression of the animal world betokens intellect, mind, and reasoning faculties. Hundreds of facts and incidents are recorded which show intelligence in brute creation. Physically considered, they have many properties in common with us: They all have flesh, bone, arteries, veins, hair, teeth, sight; nasal proboscis, mouth, ears, palate, digestive functions, and so forth, in the whole of which there is a general identity, a similarity of quality and structure. You have undoubtedly noticed persons whose color, build, and contour had a good deal of similarity to that of the fox, and foxy they were in disposition. You will occasionally meet in the street with a man whose features are like a bulldog, and if you had the misfortune, accidentally, to come too near him, his kin-

(4) ship to the canine tribe would manifest itself by snarling. Some have written in capital letters, *hog*, on their face, and *hogish* they are. And it is really remarkable that the *hog* is nearer to us related than most other animals. Its circulatory, respiratory and digestive organs are precisely the same as in men. Some men are sneaky in their appearance and gait and sneaky in their character. Others seem related to the feathered tribe, they strut along like a a peacock, and if a *crinoline* encloses such a bird, *I advise you stay out of the way*. Others have the noble look of the lion, horse, or the docile appearance of the lamb or dove. But man prides himself to possess alone the reasoning power and spiritual insight. *Yet Balaam's ass saw the angel by the wayside, while Balaam did not see him.* Let us look at anatomy, and it establishes the near relationship of the animal kingdom to man. In the spinal column of man, at its extremity adjoining the sacrum, is the vertebra, called coccyx, exactly similar in shape like the caudal appendage of brute creation; and it would serve the same purpose if we walked on hands and feet instead of erect. And it seems that at one time in the history of creation, this *caudal appendage* or *coccyx* was alike in shape and performed the same function in the animal as well as in the embryo man. But as the Creator designed man for a higher scale in life, this appendage was arrested in man, while he learned to walk erect; while in the brute creation it kept on growing to its present extent. Let me now relate to you some facts from observation which history has recorded, to show that animals have nearly all the attributes which we designate as qualities of *mind*, *spirit*, and the *reasoning faculty*. First: A dog has the function of aversion and memory. A dog of the Rev. Thos. Jackson had been made so drunk with malt liquor that he was unable to walk up stairs. Ever after that event, he declined to take another horn of that pernicious beverage and growled at the sight of the pewter pot. Again, as to love, Don Juan is an old and unenterprising character compared to a dog. As to maternal affection, the mother dog exhibits it with heroic passion, starving herself to death rather than forsake her offspring. Gratitude is a leading character in a dog, it shows itself in his fidelity to his master. Regret and grief he feels so deeply that often they break his heart. Fear and courage the dogs exhibit with singular variation; a greyhound has been known, after breaking his thigh, still to run on till the course was concluded, showing thus fortitude. He shows hope and expectation, in gleefully watching his master's homeward-bound steps; when nobody else has hardly perceived him yet. Pride may be seen in the quickened heart-beats when carressed and praised for having won a successful race. Vanity exhibits itself when they appear dejected in consequence of being wet or dirty, from exposure. Chivalry is always found in dogs. *And of wife beating he is not guilty.* Magnanimity is manifested by enduring the numerous insults of children or smaller curs than him. Avarice is common to all dogs; which you will find out to your sorrow, in attempting to extract that piece of ham or bone out of his mouth. Covetousness shows itself when he sneaks off with a stolen bone from a neighboring cur. After he has done any thing he ought not, and has violated any known rule imposed on him—he manifests shame in stealthily, sneaking off with his tail between his legs. Humor and games he seems partially to understand and enjoy, as he barks with delight at "go fetch," he makes believe runs, false starts, romps, and tackling the ball like a child and throwing it from him to catch it again. Faith in a superior, which he likes; is an affecting tribute of a dog. The dog shows also the sense of the mysterious, that is: when he sees a phenomenon with whose cause he is not acquainted, the most pugnacious dog will then become frightened; as Mr. Spencer showed by pulling a string tied to a bone which the dog was about to grasp, and also with the soap bubble, etc. Who has not heard the account of the mourning dog in Robespierre's time—when a magistrate was imprisoned and afterward guillotined. His dog visited him daily at the prison, followed him in a dejected state to the place of execution, and for three months watched constantly his grave, when his strength gave way. He was observed for 24 hours digging up the earth, that separated him from the being he loved. Finally he shrieked and died on the grave of his master. Did this not show mental characteristics? For we can not love another, or mourn for his loss until we have appreciated his merits; and the kindness he has done us—which calls the reasoning faculties into operation, to weigh and measure—to distinguish between the good and bad. But such traits are not confined to dogs. Ants seem to reason. As Mr. Reamer mentions that at several experiments—several colonies of ants took up their abode between his glass-hive and his outer case, thus they secured an equable temperature and saved an immense amount of labor. These animals seem to understand cause and effect. As Dr. Fleming mentions that the hooded crow in Zetland—when with its bill it cannot break the shell of the molluscs, it alights with it in the air and then lets it fall among the stones and not on the sand, and this process is repeated until the tempting mouthfull becomes attainable. Animals have evidently the power developed to communicate with each other—how else could a colony of bees work so harmoniously together? Look at the intelligence of martins, when one of

its tribe calls his brethren to his assistance—to ousted an impertinent (5) sparrow, which has nestled itself into the martins nest under some eave or house gable. That they can communicate shows the story of the lamb entangled in the briars. The lamb's mother was unable to extricate it. All at once she sped off to the distant flock and speedily returned with a large ram, who set the prisoner free by tearing asunder the hedge of thorns. Dr. Darwin noticed a wasp cutting off the head and lower parts of the body of a fly—then flew off; but the breeze obstructed the onward march, as the fly's wings were in the way—so the wasp descended again cut the wings off and then departed. This took a process of reasoniug, to remove thus the obstruction to aerial navigation. A London magazine mentions the fact that a dog jumped into an omnibus and rode from London to the Eagle tavern where he seemed at home—thus showing that he preferred riding to walking. A bumble bee learns by experience. Mr. Huber watched it and saw it attempting to insert its proboscis and head into the narrow tubed bean flower, so as to reach the nectar at its bottom; but as the tube was too narrow, after several vain attempts he resorted to another method by drilling a hole at the bottom of the chalix; and then successfully inserting his sucker. We cannot help but to believe that so-called *instinct*, is a lower degree of *intellect* mind, spirit, or whatever you term it; that there exists an affinity of thoughts and desires between man and the brute creation; not only with regard as to animals of higher organization, but even in the mysterious world of myriads of little creatures that fill the air and cover the ground beneath our feet. The evidences are overwhelming by men of all grades and all times and places.

Time will only allow me to mention a few instances more. Science has established, that animals within their range of *vision* and *action* exhibit a mode of thinking, akin to man. Buckner says: that when two ants converse with each other they stand opposite and move their flexible feelers in an animated manner. *Hague* in a letter to Darwin says: that he killed a number of ants who came through a crack in the wall to feed on some plants. The result was that the new comers stopped at the entrance and then turned back--thus taking warning at the fate of their predecessors. Landois the author says: that besides the language of gestures, the ants have also a language of sound. Perty relates how a gold beetle in his garden came across a May beetle; but as he could not alone master him—he ran off and soon returned with a comrade and renewed the attack. Sir Walter Scott says: that he had a bull-terrier who bit his backer once, at which he got a whipping. If ever after Sir Walter Scott would speak of the backer—in presence of the dog, he would invariably crawl under the bench in the darkest corner. Mr. Smeli reports—that a grocer's dog in Edinburgh was treated once by a peddler with a pie. The next day the dog seized his coat-tail imploringly looking for a pie. The peddler showed him a penny and pointed to his master. The dog immediately repaired to his master with gestures and look which seemed to beg for a penny, and as he got it, brought it to the peddler and got his pie. According to Mr. Jessie's story--dogs can count. His mother used to tie her dog in the kennel, on Sundays. She had done so a few Sundays, when the dog regularly concealed himself--when Sunday did arrive. But this is nothing new--as every one of us has had occasion to see, exhibited a learned pig, who is an able mathematician and a shrewd euchre player Cyclopedia of natural history reports that near Cupar, two dogs had been fighting on a bridge and both tumbled in the stream. One got out easily—but the other could not. So the first one plunged in again and brought him out, and ever after they were fast friends and never again fought together, thus exhibiting courage and magnanimity on one side and gratitude on the other. Thus we see; that we ought not despise the animal world, and say that it only *possesses a soul and instinct*—that the latter has no kinship to the mental faculties of man—that in fact the animal with its soul dies, and that there is no resurrection for it. I add one more forcible illustration which came under the observation of W. Lander Lindsay, M. D., as to the fact, that dogs who have been cast away from the home of their masters—learned the bitterness of life—became weary of it. Thus the dog reasons, life is of no more use and comfort to me, and he goes and drowns himself; of which there are numerous instances. Even instances of other animals committing suicide, when they had lost their companion or young, when the world had lost its brightness for them: As a canvas-back duck used its bill to keep itself submerged until drowned, seizing a water weed at the bottom. Some times birds poisoning themselves or refusing to eat, to escape confinement. Of the black scorpion of India, plunging the sting of its own tail in its own back when tortured, thus to escape the torturer--by death. In short they have all the propensities and ailings of men. Theft is common among cats, dogs, horses, rabbits, monkies, mag-pies, jay-birds, rooks, crows, eagles, wrens, etc. They are subject to the same diseases as men, and manifest the same emotions under those circumstances. Even the germ of the religious element is found in them. Then in the face of all these facts, and that this world of ours is a vast grave yard, where daily millions of

(6) resurrections take place, and myriads of beings spring into existence—throwing aside their grave clothes and the *larvæ* of a former existence. the conclusion seems to be irresistible, that instinct, soul, mind and spirit are the same thing, performing different functions. The soul or instinct conducts animal life in man or beast, animates and prompts us and makes us feel averse to, or sympathize with our fellow creature. The mind so called, reasons and calculates. Our spiritual phase of our being, deals with things beyond the terrestrial, connects us with the great unseen, with our dear departed, on that unknown bourne. This is the connecting link with Deity which makes each one of us a drop in the great ocean of spirit life, identical in character with the all-controling spirit himself. As I have heretofore shown, that men of science reduce to-day air and gases (which we cannot see) to liquids and solids, so we may fairly presume, that the soul, mind or spirit is some ethereal sublimated matter; invisible to our naked eyes; that from the great ocean of spirit life, are daily sent forth *these elastic attenuated, magnetic* particles which infuse, animate and control organized life. This does not destroy the idea of immortality, nay it ennobles it. For we cannot well conceive how to preserve our identity hereafter and how to enjoy the hereafter life; with a spirit who has *no weight nor form*. Though some reformers deny that spirit is matter in one breath, yet in the next breath, they clothe in beautiful form and shape our spirits and the angels' life on the other shore. Is there not a kernel for every tree? A grain for every ear of wheat? A germ for every new creation of animal life? *Aye! this it is which is matter—and which is immortal. For in the very moment of its dying, it opens the portals of the immortal.* A truth you cannot perceive with your physical eyes, yet it is as perceptible to the mind, as a granite column or any other substance would be to the eye. Immortality has imprinted the proof of its existence in its own history. Thus God the infinite spirit, the postive, and nature the negative and feminine element, keep on producing fruition, perpetual existence from generation to generation and from age to age; though the outward semblance may change its form or garb. Yet the kernel, the soul is always the same. Thus God, the infinite—all pervading spirit imbuing the vegetable, animal and human world with growth, energy, life, feeling and thinking powers, is a being of destiny and design, which characteristics his creatures must necessarily share. And there is love; does it die? I say no; it lives on from generation to generation and makes all the world akin. It is the spirit essence which infuses life and vitality into all human action, and is as well the ruling passion of the animal world, for does not brute creation love its offspring? does it not mourn when its young dies—is forcibly taken away, or when a beloved master goes away or dies. Nay it is evident, that love is the design of creation, and is the vital spirit which moves worlds in due rotation.

Phrenology has long ago located the mind in the brain more particularly in the cerebrum. It says: "The brain is the medium of the mind," yet later on; it has been asserted by materialists that the brain is the mind. Which of these theories is true is yet undecided. Yet that much is certain that the cerebrum is the sounding string—the vibrating key-board by which mental actions are set in motion and made known. The cerebellum is the seat of animal functions, voluntary motions, in short it is the executive officer of our actions and volitions Vivisection has established that at various times. This was of late in 1878 yet established in Peru, by Dr. Pedro Dermeguza. The President of that Republic, had delivered to him, for scientifical experiment, a condemned murderer. He removed one by one of the ganglions and convolutions of the brain. First the part assigned to combativeness, and on the subject becoming conscious; he was as docile as a lamb; then he proceeded with the other parts until the whole cerebellum had been removed, and the subject had still clearness of intellectual vision, but lacked volition, locomotion and executive powers. The doctor then removed, the whole intellectual lobe, removed the whole top skull and replaced it with an ivory dome. And the result was, that the subject in addition to lose of volition, had lost the functions of an intellectual being; in short had become a little lower than the brute creation, though still his vital process was unimpaired. Still he could eat and still lived on. I will not say: that the brain is the mind; or simply the organ of the mind: But looking at the evidences around about us in nature, there is a fair presumption, that like the harp, it is manipulated by subjective and outside intelligences though they may not be known to us. Generally these subjective and extraneous intelligences manifest themselves through the medium of the brain. Still invisible agents in nature constantly influence us unconsciously. Thus we see things and their relations often instantaneously, intuitively, without any prior process of reasoning. Life in its various forms is perpetuating itself. Nay we may create life itself. Thus an English scientist, who was expermenting with an elective battery to produce crystals from water. He made the water pass slowly along the wires of the positive and negative poles, dropping underneath on a stone. Some time after he examined the water on the stone and it presented a coagulated, glutinous substance, teeming with animal life. Thinking that this animal life might be the result of the animalculæ

(7) priorly in the water, he substituted muriatic-acid, which you know; kills all animal life. Thus he let the process go on for some time; and lo! he found that these drops of muriatic-acid contained animal life; and that, different in form and shape of all other animal life previously existing. Thus then man may become a creator himself. And different forms of life may be developed in future by the bringing together the proper elements, in proper proportions and under suitable conditions. Each man may thus be a God in himself on a small scale, at least show his kinship with an almighty creator, and become more familiar with those spiritual agents which thus constantly and unconsciously influence him. Then this mind—producing life, is matter, and is immortal. For in the very moment of its dying and changing of form, it opens the portals of the immortal and the eternal, and *gives birth to a new being nearly identical in character with its parents*. Then it is folly for the Jews to proclaim themselves to be the high priests of heaven. Folly for Christians to run a race for the best seats in heaven, while they neglect the heaven in which they live. For lo! the Mohammedans Budhists and the other heathens laugh in their sleeves and point at the discord of the house of Israel and the followers of the Nazarene, while they themselves believe to be the chosen ones. Thus the selfish nature of man manifests itself, at all times and places, to get the best of his fellow. This proves abundantly his relation to the lower animal creation. It is further demonstrated by the fact that brute creation was prior in time to man. There is no doubt any more, that the 7 biblical days of creation were 7 epochs. Thus after the earth was developed, in course of geological changes, to a fit condition for man to live on, and after the animal world had developed its functions from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous; Man came into existence in the due course of natural development of animal life; from one specie of animal life, namely, the vertebrates and of that family called the mammals, to whom to-day he is nearest related in physic and mental or soul development. Animal life seems to have original been built on two distinct plans—to wit: Vertebrates and Nonvertebrates. At the date of man's creation, the chain which linked him to brute creation was closer drawn than to day. Yet the embryo of undeveloped capabilities was there; which in after age was to bloom in all the splendor and gorgeousness attributed to deity itself. Why not admit then, that thousands of years ago we descended from the *lordly Ape*. I rather progress from the lower to the higher forms of animal life—than *retrogress back* We have in common the vertebræ, we are in common mammals. We have in common *a coccyx—or caudal appendage*—as I mentioned before, allthough larger developed in brutes. The brain of a young gorilla is as large as that of a child. The latters brain is only after-birth developed. The skull of the savage and his amount of brain corresponds nearly with the monkey, as scientific travelers have repeatedly reported from Novarra and the interior of Africa. The theory of progression is more worthy of a creator and developing worlds, than that of *degradation from* the ideal and perfect, to the imperfect. Born of one common stock, man being at his start the highest developed brute, has progressed faster, than brute creation—by virtue of a divine decree, *through nature's law*, epochs' of time, and the favoring circumstances of climate and intercourse. The constant revolution and progress of this globe is written in indelible ink in the strata of granite and red sand-stone in the carbonifera and alluvian deposits in the deep ravines of Niagara Falls and by the lofty mountains of Switzerland with its eternal glaciers, strata and boulders, formed at various epochs of earth's history. Man is then a progressive being, going from imperfection to perfection, from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous. Man has developed more rapidly physically and mentally in the moderate zone. At the North pole; and at the equator, man is inferior in intellect and body, to the one living in a clime where the elements are not so fierce. We are free moral agents within certain limits; and have therefore the shaping of our destiny in our own hands. We have to a certain extent obstructed the development of our spiritual nature, by the inordinate development of the lower passion; or as they have been transmitted to us by our ancestors. Ignorances superstition; non intercourse with other nations, and other nefarious circumstances have obstructed our progress. Yet in face of all this drawback, we have advanced; the churches have become more liberal our intellect more enlightened. Good many of nature's wonders are no more miracles to us as of old, for we have learned the causes thereof. To day we interchange thought and ply commerce with earth's remotest nations; we therefore become more cosmopolitan, humane, more comprehensive. The first epoch of man's development was marked by the formation of a body; crowned with the head, containing solely a *medulla-oblongata* and a cerebellum. Then came the epoch of development in the intelectual region, giving us a cerebrum with all its nerve tissue fibres and convolutions. Man's forehead grew then towards the right angle. Causality and comparison grew guided by the perceptives. Yet there failed a link in the cycle chain of man's faculties, which would elevate him upwards and onwards, to the worlds' creator, that function which would link the finite to the infinite, and that was man's spiritual functions. Some are now walking on this plane, and they

(8) can truly say: "*Nearer my God to thee.*" Others are still occupying the first step on the ladder of progress. But olden time has changed, as those below lift now their heads up with a determination to rise. And the chasm between those at the bottom of the ladder, and those at the top has been bridged. And now they can and are willing to lift a brother or sister up. Even brute creation advances, the animal of today is not the same, as that of antiquity. From the bulky animals with a few organs and no glimmer of intelligence, endowed only with rapacity, they have to-day become smaler and more compact in stature; with a more delicate and complicated organism; with a superior intelligence and with less ferocity. They are now subject to culture and learn with astonishing rapidity: witness the circus and bird exhibitions; and the observation of scientific men, some of which I have enumerated. The so-called *instinct* of animals, is akin to *intuition* in man. As an animal seems to act *at once*, without an apparent process of reasoning, so we say: "I saw the point at once, intuitively or felt it instinctively." I apprehend that both faculties depend on prior knowledge and experience, and the more precise and comprehensive the latter are the more correct and the quicker is your intuition or instinctive feeling.

A child has no intuition, only in latter years, when you have stored the store-house of the mind, full with facts; your intuition is quickened, you commence to see things quicker. The character of our intuition, train of thoughts, inclinations and desires are dependant on the development of our bodies—nay even accordingly as the different parts thereof are developed, and according to what we eat and drink and how we live and to what our surroundings are. A life long avocation even changes a man's physical and mental nature. For whether mind is matter, or is an independent faculty, a phenomenal result of the *correlation* of matter; and which depends for its expression on the quality of the body, still a harmoniously developed head and body will express the higher and purer thought. And it does not matter whether the mind is located in the brain or in the spinal column or even in the stomach, which is the boiler so to speak of the human system. Neither whether the mind of man, the *ego*, which distinguishes him in his characteristics from his fellows, is an undefinable nothing, or whether the brain or other parts of the body constitute the mind, and that it manifest itself by the emission of its parts, affecting the subjective or objective world; that is to say: That it is; something like, and acts on similar basis; as steam does in propelling the locomotive or steamship, being the joint product of heat and water: Like the flame of the lamp or heat of the furnace, being the joint product of combustion of the fuel and oxygen. Or that it, being even like electricity, a force or emission of particles the result of the latent combustion of the plates and conducting fluid of the negative and positive poles of an electric battery: Or like agencies acting on similar principles. One undisputed fact remains; that there is a mental power emanating from each person and peculiar to that person. And there is also at least probably cause to believe, that there is an extraneous mind or intelligence, or intelligences outside of the individual, acting on and influencing that individual mind. Thus we have the varried expression of mind; like chemical atoms composed of the same quantity and of the same quality will give different products; in case they are not arranged in the same position, and thus do not sustain to each other the same molecular relation, so in man the predominance of one or more element will make him differ in character from his fellow. Thus one man is bilious, the other of the motive; a 3d phlegmatic—a 4th of the mental and a 5th of the vital temperament, partially inherited and partially acquired. Thus we are a good deal, that what external circumstances, over which we had no control, have made us. After all we acquire knowledge the same as animals, by training, though we pick up knowledge quicker. Yet at its birth, the child is more helpless than a cub, the latter can soon after birth seek its sustenance. Who can deny and establish by proof; that the ourang-outang, gorilla, and chimpanzee are not the connecting links between man and the lower animal creation. While the proof is overwhelming that they are. First on the theory and *observation* of the *progressive development*, all through nature; 2d: Its similarity of physical structure; They have teeth similar to man and the same number. The shape of their ears is the same like ours. They have no tail, simply a coccyx at the end of the spinal column, just like man. Their hands and feet are similar to ours, possessing each five digits with nails at the tips, just like us. Their cranium approaches in development, to that of the barbarians of Africa, Asia, and India. The contour of their face, nose and eyes is human. 3d. Their intelligence manifested by their eyes and actions shows the dawn of reason. I saw a young chimpanzee weep, shed actual tears, because its keeper negatived its desire. But we have been in the habit of interjecting; that this is all instinct; that the bird builds its nest and the beaver his house just as it did a thousand years ago." I deny it; history does not show it. To the contrary it shows, that animals learn by experience; that they avail themselves of favorable circumstances; which have struck their intelligence: to better their condition. No animal can do at its birth, nor does it do, that which in after years astounds us. The bird can

only build its nest after it has seen repeatedly its ancestors and neighbors (9)
do it.

Instinct? Indeed! Behold the great chasm between the intelligence of brute creation of the same kind, which time and experience has made between the young and old. For instance, a young pussy will purr around and look with trust and confidence into every body's face, though he be a stranger. She evidently believes like the child, that all the world is animated with good will towards her, and even desires to frolic with her. But experience and age, like the advancement from childhood to manhood, has taught the old cat, like the grey haired sire, that not all is well; that not all the world is philanthropic and congenial, but that there is discord and antagonism. Thus the old cat becomes more cautious in selecting company; she looks now more with the keen penetrating eye of suspicion, engendered by experience, on the objective world. She avoids strangers, she scrutinizes their appearance first before she approaches at all; she has learned the various signs of approaching danger and avoids it quick as the lightning's flash. Sad experience has taught her that there is a good deal of chaff, and she cannot very easily be caught with it. How affectionate and confiding every pup jumps on your lap, or follows you if you only deign to recognize him. Does the old grey-haired dog do the same? No, sir. Sad experience has taught him otherwise. His good nature has been soured by the treatment he has received. He growls, barks and bites, when the passing urchin simply swings his stick, or bends down as if picking up a rock. Because he knows how he has been treated before. He makes now no more friends with strangers, as in his youthful days. He looks with suspicion at the passing stranger, and even notices the difference between day and night, and seems to understand the danger of night for evil, and is consequently more ferocious in his master's behalf. Thus this shows intelligence and memory; the faculty of comparing and choosing between opposing events and circumstances. In short reasoning from cause to effect and vice versa.

Thus the child needs years of education. Suppose we devoted the same years of training and education, to animals, and that for some generations. Don't you think we would have visibly improved the physique and intelligence of animals? The child only learns a thing after being repeatedly shown it and explained. The same way the animal learns and it fills its mission as well as man; imbued and animated by the same divine spirit. The sameness of quality in man and animal, destroys not man's divinity, if every thing in nature is divine. Only bigots deny the handiwork of God, while they themselves declare to be the chosen ones.

Of late Professor Owens has discovered in South Africa the fossil remains of an extinct reptile, which helps to bridge the gap between mammals and cold-blooded vertebraes. After we have been accustomed to hear of the discovery of fossils—as of birds with lizzard-like tails and teeth in their jaws, of saurians with wings and of horses with 3 toes. The present discovery is in fact a lizzard-like reptile, with a tendency to certain low types of mammalian structure. The skeleton in question is analogous to the ornithorhynchus or duck-mole of Australia, known as the beast with a bill. It is nearly related to the echidna, one of the surviving types which enable us to span the apparent gulf between extremely differentiated organic classes. The duck-mole, is a fur covered animal which lays eggs. It is thus in this particular not far re-moved from reptiles.

And this leads us on to pouched animals, like kangaroos, which bring forth their young alive, but still in a condition hardly differing from a chicken in the egg. It may now be safely said, that the pedigree of the mammalia from the reptile is approximately made out. We have first the primitive reptile, then a reptile with growing mammalian tendencies, then still more perfect mammals with ovoviviparous forms. Then again a group of pouched and pouchless mammals, culminating in the highest forms of animated creation.

The transmission theory is based on physiological facts, the contour and organs of animals being simply an arrested formation; while man's physique kept on developing more rapidly to its destined maturity. Arrested formation, or growth to disproportion, in animal or man, is even nothing new to-day. I name only a few. You have all seen or heard of the cow with 5 legs, 2 tails and 2 udders, weighing 1,300 lbs., giving milk from the top as well as underneath; having also a horn growing on the center of her back. At the same show was a bull—father of offspring—having also udders giving milk.

While traveling in Europe I saw in the Alexian Institution 2 ape men; derived from human parents yet resembling in contour and conduct a monkey. They evinced traits of cunning malignity and craft, their utterances were guttural sounds, their microcephalus was that of the ape. Thus I saw in an asylum at Hindelbank, Switzerland, a girl who, as far as intellect was concerned, stood on the same grade as your house-dog, but possessed a prominent imitative faculty. Thus the mermaid, now exhibited over the country, possesses human intelligence. Her upper body is that of a woman while her

(10) history of organism; and that they remain latent through certain periods, and then under favorable circumstances make themselves visible again. The mind seems to be located in the brain, as from there all actions are directed and reported back to. The cerebrum, the sanctum of the *pia matter*, having at its back the great sympathetic nerve and connecting it with the cerebellum, sends on the ramifications of those nerves, its electric fluid through the body to execute its behests. While the character of the behests are determined by the will—the latter being no special faculty but being the combined power of any group of predominating faculties. That is to say, if the animal propensities dominate, the individual will be led by its behests, or vice versa, etc.

Man is governed by 2 classes of thoughts. One class originates within, and the other arises from without. The objective world produces the latter. The first class of thoughts are the result of a so-called inner perception—the light of the soul within. This is partly called into action when we shut ourselves up in the closet and meditate undisturbed by the world. The soul then communicates with itself. This physical phenomenon is called more vividly into existence in a state of trance or catalepsy. Then when the door of our physical senses are shut to the outward world, it is then when the soul's light burns most brilliantly and the spirit's power is then manifested. Then it converses with and beholds the embodiment of the spirits of our departed friends, and by virtue of the connecting spirit's sympathetic cord the patient can tell you what your relatives at that moment do, though 1,000 miles away. Nay, devoted friends can bridge the distance between, with the bridge of love, and each enjoin the other to think of him or her. They call this brain waves. And here I must relate to you another instance of my boyhood. Fate having cast my birthplace in the valley of the Rhine, as a boy I visited, with my father, on a summer-eve, a sick neighbor; he was in a cataleptic state, when memory, volition and outward consciousness is suspended. Another neighbor entered who had a son studying in the City of Cologne, about 9 miles from our village. This neighbor was a pious old soul and had vigorously inculcated church doctrines into his son. Said the sick man to our neighbor, "John, you think your son is busy studying and is walking in the way of the Lord; but I see him now dancing with a young lady (here describing her) in the old Kuhberg." The latter being a place of public amusement. Our pious friend was quite astonished, as he was not a believer in such phantasms, as he called them. But his curiosity was sufficiently aroused and he determined to test the matter at once, and so saddled immediately one of his horses, and putting the spurs into his steed, he galloped off to the scene of action. Next morning when we saw him again, to see what the result had been, he appeared crestfallen, as he had realized that the pins of his faith had been knocked from under him and all his pious teachings had been thrown away on his frisky kid; for he had found him swinging around the charmer described, in the mazy waltz, at the place indicated.

But to our subject: In proportion as we develop our spiritual nature by pure lives, study, and good-will to our fellow men, in such proportions we will advance towards the infinite and secure real happiness. Man needs culture—as to the masses. In the past it has been directed only towards individuals. The outward form of man proclaims the status of his soul, as the outward form images the inward essence. Nature has coated its germ with several coats to preserve it from the inclemency of the weather. So the soul and spirit of man, is within constructed of sublimated matter. In animal life the combination becomes less complex, and in vegetation still simpler while in the mineral world it is more crude and homogeneous than before mentioned. In fire, water and air, matter loses its solidity, but gets more elastic and subtle. Then comes ether, still more elastic and attenuated; then comes, that fluid, that airy something with fiery electric tongues, and this is spirit having form and weight, and is consequently matter. Most manifest when acting through the complex organ of man. Mind or spirit is only perceptible when it moves, and it takes up time to manifest itself, and it cannot exist without matter. Though you cannot see it with your naked eye, yet you perceive it with your spiritual eye.

Mr. Dunstmaier, a Berlin professor lately discovered and improved upon the prior theory that the soul of every man and animal is to be sought for in the characteristic odor exhaled in each. As light radiates and can be collected by a photographic plate, coated with the iodide of silver, and as the nerves of smell in a dog are sensitive to odor; so also the soul radiates. He put 20 hares in a cage—then admitted a dog in the room, who made frantic efforts to get at the hares, who were terribly frightened. After two hours he killed the dog; his nerves of smell and the mucous membrane of the nose were removed and rubbed up in a mortar with glycerine and water. The 20 hares during the two hours of terror had been exhaling their souls into the air of the room, which the dog had inhaled, thus the glycerine might contain at least the essence of the hares' souls, the main characteristics of which would be of course timidity, which proved to be true; as by administering a

was rendered thus so cowardly, that he ran away from a cat. Thus then this(11) establishes the fact—that the soul or mind of animated creation is matter, as nothing but matter can radiate and be exhaled. By similar process are we affected. Thus the speech, gestures and motions of sentient beings affect us. Their souls radiating on our souls. The air and gases which chemistry reduces now to fluids and solids—you could neither percieve before reduction.

The mind's faculties are manifold; and those that have been longest used are most acute—as the perceptives—(being the faculties exercised in weighing, measuring and discerning colors), are more developed than the reasoning faculty, in all men—whether Caucasian, Ethiopian or of any other race, because the perceptives have been used since birth—while the mental, or moral faculties were only called into activity in after life. The mind is a wonderful instrument; in anæsthesia it soars to the utmost bounds of space. I tried it—that is: I took a dose of protoxide of nitrogen—known as laughing gas; to produce comma, or anæsthetic sleep. Off went the mind on its erratic mission. I vividly yet remember how everything became illumed—time and space became annihilated. The world seemed to be a busy humming workshop, and all that I had done and seen in my life, passed in vivid light before the panorama of the soul, in the space of a few seconds. We don't know yet what capabilities the mind possesses. Its erratic powers which we perceive in dreams, and the pictures then drawn out before the camera of the soul, are not all phantoms, brought on by indigestion. Sometimes they are sober truths. In sleep the involuntary nerves are unhinged from the voluntary. The latter (being situated in the *cerebrum* and *sensorium*) become partially inert—the fibres which stood erect in the sensorium during waking hours; to let the blood flow freely through, are now collapsed; consequently the blood ceases to flow there, causing drowsiness and consequent sleep, while during this negative state, the involuntary nerves remain active. Thus when our outward consciousness has left us, our guiding spirit—some beloved mother, father, sister or brother, may communicate with us and tell us some truth, or give us a warning.

In leaving now this topic, I proceed to the next: Resurrection. I must confess that I can't believe any more what I have been taught, namely: a *literal* resurrection of our *identical* bodies, at a *given* hour. It seems to me that there are somethings which are impossible—even to God. He cannot annihilate out of existence matter, He cannot be unjust and He cannot annihilate and recall past time. Now if raising and gathering all the parts of the dead bodies together, is not impossible, it is next to it. Besides I see no reason therefor. If God had designed that, He certainly would have adopted measures at the start, to avoid such a colossal job even for Deity. What a confusion would be there at the trumpet sound, when every poor soul would have to roam about; in one continent for an arm, in another for another part of the body. Nay some of the parts might be found in the solar system, as 70 out of 100 parts of our bodies, are liquids and gas, it might have been carried, on the back of a zephyr to Mercury. The formation and parts of the earth are continually changing, carrying one part of its surface, containing the decayed human bodies, to some other part of the globe. 2d. These decayed bodies become the nurture of vegetation. And thus we may have eaten some of our, or somebody's else ancestor, in the shape of an Irish potatoe, or a sweet Murphy either. Or a cow may have eaten them, in the shape of grass. Nay they may form a part of our buildings, as the trees received their *quota* of dead bodies. Or the wood, which got thus its nourishment—being burnt—sent the lost human particles to the four winds in the shape of smoke. Must the poor soul roam about to get back here an atom from the cow, there one from the pig, or dig yonder a particle from some man's muscle? Particles of Eve may to-day be found in you and me.

What will the Creator do with the millions of people living on the globe at the time of the biblical resurrection, as the bible says: they shall not die but be merely transformed. Yet their bodies, every fibre, muscle and bone, their very being, is composed of the human remains of all preceding generations. Yet I still believe that we shall live on. The Creator has implanted in our breast a desire, an expectation to live after the curtain falls here. And in nature's workshop there is nothing created in vain. Again persons having done willful wrongs fear the hereafter, which feeling of terror cannot be altogether attributed to their former education and teaching, but to the innate principle living in the conscience and soul, that there is a continued existence hereafter, where the results of good or evil actions must necessarily follow. Again: man has an innate feeling that he is a part and parcel of that infinite being who exists forever. Man feels that he has in a limited measure a kindred spirit like the infinite ruler, which makes him akin. As law and order are found in nature, as the worlds move like a clock-work, this presupposes a controling intelligence who reasons from cause to effect.

Thus man reasons from cause to effect. He lays his plans, controls his actions and circumstances. Then this intelligence in man, and the approximate [illegible] that there is no difference in KIND

(12) between it and that manifested by the unknown intelligent cause, by the Supreme ruler; but that the difference exists merely in degree. Thus immortality and a Supreme ruler are necessarily co-existing and part and parcel of the great ocean of life.

Secondly: The kin-ship of man to the infinite being is shown by the common attribute of activity, development and progress. Man is active, develops and progresses. So God sets the worlds in motion and develops out of disorder—order; out of imperfection—perfection. When nature creates a function it has also created a means for that function to be exercised. Wherever I find fire, I find water: wherever are birds to fly, there is air to fly in; wherever there is light, there are also eyes to see, and ears are created for sounds. Thus our longing for the hereafter has some reality to respond to it. Nature teaches me immortality. The seasons go and come. Every returning Spring clads the fields in green verdure, and though the daisies bloom and wither in a short time, yet the next spring—on the very spot—you see a new daisy lift up its head, accoutred in the same garb of promise. Nay, it is so identical to that daisy which grew last year on the very same spot, that you won't be able to assert that it is not the same daisy sprung into life again after having taken a season of rest Thus then, though this outward form is mortal, yet our *essence*, our *germ-life* is immortal. It lives on in the cycle of nature's evolutions. It knows not annihilation. As in the very throes of death of the outward form, the doors of the immortal open and it sends forth its offspring, to make again its round and act again its part on the billows of life.

Life's germ in yonder stream immortal
Was hailed alike by seer and prophet;
Life all pervading—all prevailing cause—
Not born by chance, but child of nature's laws,
Gift alike to shrub, pebble, fish;
To insect, beast, and the heaving sea,
And up from these to thinking man.
Man, last product of the ever revolving cause,
Creature of progressive cycle laws,
Enwrapt in such mysterious awe,
Sees here but the dawn of a brighter day,
And in that distant, semi-curtained bourne
No atom will be lost; no soul, or mind,
Or spirit unit merged in kind,
But all clustering like grapes unto the vine.
Around the great I Am.

(*Trade Mark.*)

WM. BUSH

BY

1 2 3

4 5

Salutatio Pickwick.

6 7

Peregrine Populi.

8 9

OF

10 11 12

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Author of "Ocean Wave."—"Prometheus Diarial Account"—"Evening Thoughts." etc.

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PARADISE NOT LOST, BUT GAINED.

OR

THE OLD AND THE NEW WORLD.

A LIBRETTO FOR A GRAND OPERA.

In II Acts and IV Tableaux.

CAST OF PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

ADAM AND EVE, - - - Our Scriptural first parents.
GABRIEL AND URIEL, - - - - - - - - Angels.
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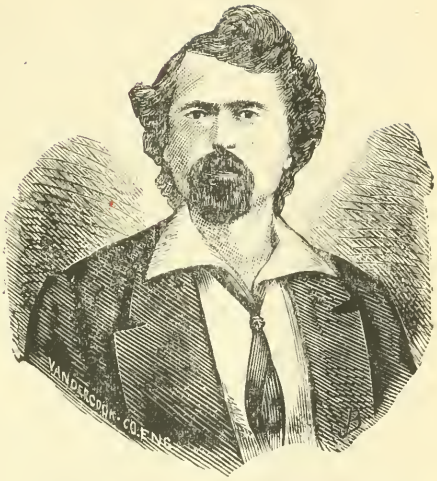

Yours truly
Bush

PROLOGUE.

Thou who on wings of morn gavest all earth light,
Inspire this soul, who strives in prose or rhyme
To speak and sing, or play on flute or lyre,
Of first creation's molt and thee sublime.
This stam'ring tongue, within its prison cell,
Is far too stiff and words too crude to tell,
Of thy bright glory, creator of men;
Unless the muses three with Protean fire,
Tune harp and lyre, to my advent'rous song,
And lead me on this lofty shining path.
It matters not in this short vesper play,
That savans of this latter day proclaim:
"Scriptural creation and salvation,
But an emblematic moral mirror,
Of one unknown first cause, and cycle truths:"
Enough for us, if by its shimm'ring twilight,
It leads us up to heaven's bright beacon light.
Your pardon then, when on Pegasus wings I soar,
O'er land and ocean wide to first creation's morn,
To take a glimpse of that first pair in Paradise; [time,
And then with swiftest speed sweep down the march of
To see the nations rise and fall till freedom's morn.

Scene I presents to us a ravine in front of the gate of Paradise. At its sides are rocky precipices, which, leading up, brings us in the mountainous regions with its snow-capped summits: while the edges below are garnished with shrubs, ferns and weeds growing wild in their primeval state. Here we find gathered in a knot Satan and his legion, after having been ejected from heaven. They are in a State of trepidation, mingled with defiance against the heavenly powers who in a desperate battle have routed them. They are sitting around glimmering camp fires counselling what next to do. We find here Satan and his army accoutered in all their pristine glory of ugliness and martial array, singing in chorus, to relieve the burdens of sorrow with which their hearts are weighed down from their late de feat—after which Satan addresses them to infuse new life into his rebellious host. The personages, in this libretto, express their sentiments mostly in a chant, or oratorio style, suited to blank verse, of which the greater part of this canto is composed—with only a few verses in rhyme interspersed.

Chorus: Away—away—we chase—consternation.
Rebellion now is our occupation.
Though suffer we scores of tribulation,
Yet we are still Satan's tribe and nation.

[Exordium Primus.]

Satan: Empyreal sons, companions, brothers, peers,
You're still destined to soar with loftiest flights.
Up to your father's home amid the skies.
From whence you have been ignobly ejected.
By cherubim and their sycophant host.
Yet cheerful be, though driven to the wall:
All is not lost; all is not yet quite lost.
Too true the day was hot for our brave ranks:
Yet one swift turn of our force might have gained
For us the day, and put their host to rout.
Behold! now heaven's raging sire sits on
His throne rejoicing, and with mocking ire
He views the fun'ral pile of dead and dying,
And listens to the whining of his choir,
Who humbly kneel and pray, extolling praise,
To heaven's tyrant and the great I AM.
To us hope still remains, and it, our light,
The motive power which will sway our armies,
To-morrow on, to brave heroic deeds.
We have measured strength with our puissant foe,
Opposed and grappled with him bone to bone.
Nay, worthy potentates, our ranks did more:
Bravely they coped with a thrice stronger foe:
This shows marrow yet in our brave army.
If glimm'ring fortune will, we may, as yet,
Before Phœbus wheels 'round his fiery car,
I say: we may, as yet, hurl heaven's army
From their vantage and celestial hights,
To pits of darkness low and deep beneath.

Satan having now exhausted his ire, amid the acclamation of his rank and file, sits down, and Beelzebub rises to dissuade them from further warfare, as he is for peace, and thinks to win their seats in heaven by guile, policy and strategy.

[Exordium Placidus.]

Beelzebub: With great respect to our Dominicus,
And for the val'rous deeds of our army:
Yet I'm for peace, not active, open war.
At least some short time for an armistice.
Meanwhile we gather strength, vigor and force:

Apparent peace, well-mixed between with guile,
Will quicker gain for us our seats in heav'n.
I would dissuade, therefore, from open war,
Our foe excels in numbers, therefore in strength.
We have no means—dark are our ends in view.
Our hopes of conquest lie in stratagems;
In those devices hidden from the eye,
Which have their spring and grave within the soul.
[Points to his breast. Satan now rises excitedly.]
[Exordium Bellicose.]
Satan: What, brethren! let our foes enjoy the spoil?
Shall we in future stay in the furthest,
Coldest corner of the empyreal heav'n?
Shall we be doomed to foul disgrace and rout?
Shall we in bonds and chains of prison cells,
Of the dark realm below, ignobly die?
Or eke out our existence in torments?
Nay, peers—infernal pow'rs—I say no—no.
Thrice no, by all the firmaments above,
And all the gapping gulphs beneath us.
We who have two day's battle nobly stood,
Unvanquish'd, and our army still in arms.
Procrastination is the bane of our cause.
Received we have a few slight surface wounds.
Yet they will make our blood course more impetuous
Through our hot veins and nerve our arms with pow'r,
To drive with tempestuous blows our arrant foes
From their ill-gained, short-lived lofty vantage.
O, peers! dominions, pow'rs; have you forgot,
How, on this very ill-omened dawn of day,
Just as aurora, mounting her fiery car,
To shed her orient pearls o'er sea and land,
The fierce onslought we made? How we mowed down
The solid columns of th' advancing foes;
Like grass they fell and wither'd, from our sharp steel;
Torn and tattered were their puissant lines.
Arch angels fell, and groand their haughty throng,
At our unwelcome morning salutation.
This was indeed a sight, a feast for gods.
How their whole crew wallow'd in their life blood,
The rest to run away, threw down their arms;
And this success was due to my invention.
Necessity is the best inventor, sires.
Ye compeers, think of this and my strong arm,
Far reaching pow'r, and my prophetic sight.
If in one night we can invoke sulphur
And iron from the bowels of the earth,
Shape them into engines of dreadful war.
In th' twinkling of an eye we can do more.
Do grander things when fortune smiles on us.
What grand effect, on my command, "Avant guard?"
Our heavy siege guns send their bombshells,
Into the midst of their staunch file and rank.
Behold the havoc sad it made of them.
They crouch'd and slipp'd and fell—gracious heaven!
The pregnant air resounded with tumults loud,
The battlefield echoed with destruction dire:
The heavens bright, enwrapt in purple veil;
And then there shone our bright cuirasses,
With myriads of flashing keen-edged swords,
Cutting the lambient air for our noble cause.
Such glorious sight and valorous brave deeds
Would make the stony hearts of saints leap with joy.
Thus lay down our glorious cause? No—thrice, no!
What though our wounds do bleed—our spirit essence
Cannot be quenched or die by sharp-edged swords.

6 These wounds will heal again and one cicatrice.
Will breed ten thousand lives into new being.
Yes, peers, I am for war—fight to the last.
Ere than sit at a mocking conqueror's feet.
The sacrifices which we to-day make
Are worthy of our heritage to gain.
Either on celestial throne we will sit,
Or else we pray annihilation.
If, brethren, thus you all agree with me,
Then show it by the usual soldiers' sign.

All rise, draw swords or other weapons, and swing them in the air enthusiastically. Sing in chorus.

Chorus: Yes, yes, yes—we agree, quite, with our chief,
War, war, war, can only give us relief.

[Enter Gabriel with drawn sword, wings at back and golden helmet on head. As they see him they draw together.

[The Olive Branch.]

Gab.: Foul fiends, still sitting in rebellious council.
Apostates from our sovereign king on high.
Ye who erstwhile sat with us round the throne,
And sang to Alpha and Omega psalms:
While our merry voices fill'd the blue heav'n.
Fit emblems then of innocence you were.
In outer vestments and untarnished souls.
Bethink youself, recall your glorious past.
If spark of virtuous fire still in your soul.
As contrite sinners, do return at once
To him, who is all power, love and wisdom,
And pardon he will grant at mercy's throne.

[Satan rises, now agitated, and in defiant tones and gestures he answers. Rest, attitude of defiance.]

[The Chant Defiant.]

Sat.: Thinks thou to win us with bland words and smiles,
Us whom in two day's fight with all your legions,
Your high-toned heav'nly pow'rs could not subdue?
We're ready now to take up heaven's gauntlet.
We who have tasted sweet liberty,
We do deny heaven's supremacy,
And we defy your celestial powers.
Impious, daring worm—us thou sayest,
That we should bend a supplicant's knee:
While thrice we vanquished your saintly pow'rs,
Possess'd the bloody battlefield as ours.
Our soaring pinions and our floating banners,
Are now emblazoned with victory,
This is too much: haughty cherub draw.

Gab: I would like to smite thee with my sharp sword,
Thou father of base lies and grim falsehoods,
But I'll leave it to heaven's vengeance.

Points with his sword upward where in rear in mid air, appears a golden scale.

See there, the doom of your foul crew is sealed.

The celestial powers seem to be now in dead earnest to destroy the remnant of the infernal crew still on rebellion bent: as the sky frowningly lowers its brow, the thunder rolling and the lightening flashes over the heads of the now thoroughly frightened band of evil conspirators, while the earth shakes and opens beneath their feet, and swallows them up amid a volcanic eruption of fire issuing forth from its bowels. The spiritual powers having now accomplished this grand flank movement and annihilated the rest of their seditious brethern, the clouds now disperse, and again the blue vault of heaven smiles serenely on the terrestial fields below: while th birds come from their hiding places and hum their ma

in songs. Gabriel, the chief angel of Jehovah, now en- [7
ters again upon the scene, and is on his way to inspect our scriptural first parents in Paradise. He meets in front of its gate Uriel, another angel who having heard of this new creation, is on a journey of inquiry to see this new world, and to find out all about the *modus operandi* of its creation. Gabriel relates to him the object and purpose of the creation of this new world, after which he conducts Uriel into Paradise to see for himself.

Gab: Fair angel, just arrived in our mundane sphere?
From your celestial courts which blaze with light.
Uriel: Just this moment I descended to see
Your sapphire gates of mundane paradise.
With my own eyes to view what by report,
I heard in heav'n of this created world,
And of Adam and Eve, these two new beings.
So that I might more zealous worship him,
Who sits on th' hallow'd hill 'mid celestial throngs.
Do pray tell me of this new creation?

[Creation.]

Gab: Thus was it then just after heaven's sire
Had conquered Satan and his legions,
He cast them in the dark deep pits of hell,
Where now amid sulpheric fire they howl,
And gnaw their teeth about their fallen state.
God said then to his dear beloved son:
"To fill the vacant places 'round our throne.
I have determined to create a new world
Also a new creature, whiah I'll call man.
I will shape him from earth's raw material,
Yet he shall be endowed with our essence,
So that in some degree he'll be like us,
Have spiritual affinity with us.
He shall be free, endow'd with pow'r of choice,
To choose the good or bad—accept me
His maker, or disobey my command.
In knowledge he shall grow in due limits,
He shall be finite while he is on earth.
It shall be for him a place of probation;
And when his race is run, to earth he shall return,
But if of worth, I'll take his spirit essence
Up to our heavenly royal mansion;
And make him there, infinite in knowledge,
And his spirits being immortal."
Thus spake Jehovah to his son.
There was a vast abyss right north of heav'n,
Where oceans of atoms floated through space.
And huge conglommerated masses,
In wild confusion traversed the Universe,
By virtue of the centrifugal forces.
God bade them now to regulate their course.
Then in due time atom joined with atom,
Rotating on in their regular grooves.
Now solid and liquid atoms divorc'd
By virtue of the calorific force.
Thus were grand ocean and her billows formed,
Then earth—solid and with magic beauty,
Rose like a fairy from its wat'ry grave.
Within its womb—the germs of vegetation,
Also animated creation.
Thus by the law negative and positive,
It brought now forth feminine fruition.
See yond orbs are called sun, moon, and stars.
Each has its cycle of rotation;
With divers function each and matter,
Related to the surrounding universe.

Thus sun, moon, and stars are but metal jars,
Charged by that fierce agent electricity:
In its positive and negative forces.
Each orb composed thus of divers matter,
Var'ous in quantity and molecules.
Produce these divers luminaries.
The sun's bright light which now illumes the earth,
Is diff'rent from the light he gives to other globes.
The atmosphere—that great receptacle,
Of these mongrel orbicular forces,
Contains a mass of floating particles,
Which easily ignite and do combust:
As they collide on their airy journey.
Thus in this glowing incandescent state,
They give to earth and man their glor'ous light.
Uriel: You get a little off the track:
To man, you spoke of, bring me back.
Gab: I come now to my final epilogue.
The earth in its green garb was fair to sight,
And on its face roamed all kinds of wild beasts:
Yet there failed one link in the chain of creation,
This to complete the round—God created man,
And gave to him fair woman, as a mate.
You will soon see them when I lead you through,
The jasper gate of earthly paradise,
Where in a roseate frag'rent bower they repose,
Both clad in nature's garb of innocence.
Uriel: Confrere, lead on—lead on—so I see them.

Gabriel having now completely apprised his confrere, opens the gate of Paradise into which both enter. The brilliant scene now presented to our view, beggars description. Here we find it, in its scriptural coloring and oriental splendor. Flowers and rare exotics vying in their glory. Rivulets and fountains mingling their spray with the zephyrs which are dallying with the green foliage, while the primeval animal world roams around here animated by the soul of peace. Here we also behold the quoted tree of life with its apples; and near by a bower wherein Adam and Eve indulge in their nocturnal slumbers. This scene presents to us the oft repeated story of the pristine bliss of our first parents in Paradise; the seduction of Eve by the wily serpent, and the final eviction of our *soi dissant* progenitors from their abode of indolence. Before, we see the mother of the world's generations: we hear her in her bower chant her *gloria de Deum*. After which she appears upon the scene.

Let me praise thee, my creator,
Love thee, worship and adore.
And let these lips for ever, evermore,
Their hallelujah to high heaven soar.
Hallelujah—hallelujah,
To thee, now, and forever more.

Eve now emerges from her bower with disheveled hair, flower wreath around head. She walks to fountain, lays down at edge and looks into it. Seeing her own image therein. She soliloquises with image in water.

[An Optical Illusion.]

Eve: Are you a woman like myself?
It winks, it must have not much tongue.
Can you not speak? else speak louder.
She winks: she can't express her feelings.
How long have you been in this condition?
She winks: she has always had this mission.
Don't you find it rather wet there?
She winks: she is dry like a hen.

I guess she means that she is inside dry.
Have you about you such a thing as a husband?
She nods: water nymphs do not marry.
Would you prefer male or female companions?
She likes two gallant male companions.
Adieu—adieu—fare thee quite ever well.
'Tis passing strange when I do move, she moves.
[She now rises.]
I now will go and weed yon flower bed,
And trim those rankled rose bushes,
Bind up the luxurious ivyes,
Cut then the vines, and cull the luscious grapes,
And their ambrosial nectar press.
Into my cocoanut rind goblet,
To make a drink fit for the gods to sip.
The noon day sun stands at its zenith.
My own Adam will soon be here,
To rest awhile from his days' sport,
And drink out of my hand the sparkling wine.

Enter serpent, is of checkered color, with a human face, feet and hands but serpentine shape, he moves in undulating motions; almost erect. Moves to tree and stands there erect, resting its head against one of the branches.

But lo! what fair creature comes here?
[Colloquial Seduction.]
Serpent: Fair daughter, at thy shrine I come to kneel,
Thou art the fairest being with soul endowed,
That lives in this enchanted realm of ours.
Thou does deserve to sit on heaven's throne,
And wear the crown of heaven's queen.
Instead of which you roam around with brutes,
Who lack communion of speech and soul.
Eve: Thou gentle beast—thou speakest fair,
But do tell me—tell me truly.
Is there another world than this?
S: Fair Eve, 'tis true—there is—there is.
E: I like quite well thy speech, but am surprised
To hear thee speak, a brute like you;
Like all dumb brutes who want discourse.
But pray, who gave thee so much tongue?
S: I got the knowledge which I now possess,
By eating of the fruit from this green tree.
[Plucks off an apple.]
Which like the magic wand gave to me speech,
And called my cerebral functions into action,
With it, on me dawned the light of reason.
[Offers apple to her.]
Ah, goddess fair, partake with me,
With knowledge it will thee endow,
And you will equal be with celestial pow'rs,
Who now keep thee in chains of darkness dire.
The world outside this garden spot,
Is wond'rous fair for mortal to behold,
O'er which, fair queen, you will yet reign.
E.: You, gentle beast, you speak me fair;
But of this tree we were forbid to eat.
Yet as its fruit such virtue wrought in you,
Gave you this gracious garb, manner and speech;
[Takes apple.]
I will then taste its lucious flavors,
And try its power and virtue on me.

Eats apple, after a while she becomes hilarious, and acts as if partially intoxicated.

E.: Great God! what glorious, what grand effect,
Exhilerates the action of my heart.

And brain it lights with eyes of flame,
I feel a sweet delirium creeping o'er me.

She and serpent now are seen love making, and sing a duet.

S.: Ha-ha, I knew my medicine would work.
E.: Yes, gentle beast, I love thee now to marry.
With thee to pluck the matrimonial berry.
S. and E.: O, yes, each other we do warmly love.
Intoxicating is our cupid's bough.
Then let us merry—merry be,
Always happy, jolly, and free.

Adam is seen now standing at corner watching, he has a prunning hook on shoulder. Eve and Serpent now embrace, and latter sneaks out, while Adam advances slowly, shows anger.

Adam: Why, this looks rather passing strange,
To see my Eve so near a beast.
[Now near her, is more cheerful. Aloud.]
Ha, here I find my late espoused,
Bone of my bone, sole partner of my joy,
But yet, what is the matter with my doe?
I see in you, a strange transformation.
[The apple tree.]
E.: While here I posed 'mid roses and lilies,
There came to me through cranberry shrubs,
One of the beasts which roam in our fair place:
Attir'd in gorgeous robes of diff'rent hues,
Gifted with reason keen, and sublime speech,
And told me in his winning ways, that these
He gained by eating of this forbidden tree.
He plucked an apple then, and gave it me.
I ate of it and soon the elixir,
Of knowledge, graces fair and a new life,
Thrill'd every fibre of my new being.
I know now that I am a woman,
Also for what I am created;
Cupid, on swiftest wings speeds through my veins.
[Plucks apple from tree and holds it out to Adam to eat.]
Eat this, if in thy heart thou lovest me.
When share thou wilt with me this amorous passion.

Adam goes off a little, shaking his head; is apparently agitated. Serpent comes now wriggling in again, when all at once Adam rushes up to him and knocks him on head; kills him. Stands over serpent and sings, while Eve shrieks and faints, but shortly comes to again.

A.: Ah, wiley serpent, die! Father of lies,
Thou art the cause why my happiness flies.
Produced, thou hast, woes for generations,
Prepared for us a host of tribulations.
[Walks off a little, loudly sobbing, while Eve rises.]
E.: What have you done, Adam of nations?
Brought on us the curse of damnation.
[Our First Husband's Verdict.]
A.: My Eve—mother of future generations—
A daring deed thou hast done, to eat—
To eat of this interdicted apple tree.
We had the fill of nature's bounteous gifts;
And yet in rebellion thou has risen,
Against Jehovah's mild alwise decree.
[Aside.]
Kind heaven, why was I so short-sighted,
To leave her thus alone to tempter's snare?
Now future generations will me curse.
O, fickleness! Thy counterpart is woman.
Divine in shape—of such gentle mettle.
Ambition mad, and with envious eyes,

She mounted up to celestial hights,
To gaze upon the sacred courts in heav'n.
She now in turn becomes my tempter.
Gracious heaven! Deal with me gently.
Ordained to be free; yet my fate is fixed;
With her my lot is cast—I am her slave.
I am the centerpole of her affection;
This is the chain of her magic power:
I share her virtue and will share her vice;
And be her partner in the coming doom.
If so decreed by heav'ns mysterious pow'r.
Though hope still whisper's in my longing heart,
That heav'n will relent from its severe decree.
He who rules all is e'er on mercy bent.

He approaches her again. She holds apple out to him and he takes it.

A.: Sole partner of my joy, I eat the fruit,
With thee I'll live and with thee die.

Eats apple. Appears intoxicated. They sing now a duet, amid love-making.

A.: Ha! I am now under the fascinating spell,
My blood and pulses beating now pell mell.
E.: My sturdy partner, thou—I told you so!
'Tis joy of soul will make us dance tip-toe.
A. and E.: Oh, rapture—oh, 'tis bliss divine,
More sweet than nectar or good wine,
So mote it be—the matrimonial bee,
From this green apple-tree—this apple tree.

A pause. A cloud appears on eminence. A light shines faintly through it. An unseen voice speaks at which they show fright.

Voice: Adam--Adam—where art thou?

Both pluck leaves from tree and use them as aprons, and conceal themselves partially.

A.: I'm here, my lord, but fear thee to behold,
As now I see I'm nude and might get cold.
V.: Hast thou eaten of that forbidden tree?
A.: The woman, sire, thou gavest me, was tempted,
By one of your fair creatures of the field.
She ate of that forbidden tree and spoke it fair;
And thus induced by her I ate the fruit.
V.: As thou hast been neglectful of my command,
Henceforth eat bread by the sweat of thy brow,
And haste yourself to leave these holy bowers,
Thy sinful partner shall have plenty woe,
'Mid pain bring forth the fruit of her ripe womb.
Her seed shall curse the serpent's hoary head.
A.: How long, O Lord, wilt thou us banish?
V.: For many years, thou and thy partner frail,
Shall tug along life's onerous path;
And then you'll fall asleep for a good while
Until I wake you up in Edgewood Grove,
To view with her the world's onward progression.

Enter now four angels with drawn swords and drive Adam and Eve out.

Angels: Hence! Leave these sacred precincts.
Away—away—depart.

[Adam embraces Eve and takes her hand going out.]

A. and E.: O, yes, we will together go,
And jointly bear pleasure or woe.
A.: Be not dismayed, my dear frail partner then,
Together we shall see, yet, Edgwood Glen.

They disappear, angels after them. A chorus of unseen voices is heard now singing in rear, accompanied by orchestra out of view.

Let there be light, the heavens now are bright.

12 The Lord, our God, has spoken in his might.
And drove the evil one from out his sight
Mankind can now walk in his holy light.
Hallelujah—hallelujah,
We sing to thee, Lord of the skies.

TABLEAUX.

The following six scenes are simply panoramic views. The principal localities of each scene are portrayed on a moving canvas. As the canvas picture is presented, the personages enter and perform, and exeunt as the scene passes away.

The first view presented, is Jacob's abode of oriental structure—Time, 1728 B. C. Enter Jacob and his son Joseph, dressed in oriental style, Jacob with long white beard, Joseph having on a motly colored frock. [night.]

[Jacobitical Family Jars.]

Jos.: My sire, I had some strange wild dreams last
Lo! I was binding sheaves with my brothers,
In yonder yellow stubble-field of ours.
My sheaves arose, and my brothers' sheaves,
In humble pose obeisance bowed to mine.
And then I had another cur'ous dream,
The moon and stars twinkled and winked at me.
Jac.: My dear, dear son, has it come to this pass,
That I thy sire, thy mother and brethern,
Shall humbly bow to thee? cast off those dreams,
Evil they are, and dream no more, no more.
In yonder field labor with honest toil,
And see if it be well with thy brethern
In yon pasture, and bring me word again.

They exeunt at R. A little while after, the scene changes to the pasture field. Pictures of cows, sheep, camels, etc., are on canvas. After which enter at L. the ten sons of Jacob in Shepherd's dress having some dogs with them.

1st Son: I tell you it is time to put this sapling,
This overgrown brother out of the way.
2nd Son: 'Tis true, he is the spoiled twig of our sire,
We must endure cold, heat, wet and the draught,
In guarding here in field our father's flock,
While he sits at home, in his checker'd frock.
3rd Son: And then behold the arrogance he shows,
To us his ill favor'd shepherd brethern.
I think he will receive the sole blessing,
Of our old sire and take the whole domain.
(Points outward.)
2nd S.: Ho, brethern, ho! here comes this petted imp,
Sent by our feeble sire to watch o'er us.
Majestical he struts his path along,
Kill him we must, this obnoxious weed,
Or else is lost our paternal heritage.
All: He must be put away, away, away,
Out of the way, he clouds our rising stars.

Now Joseph enters, in previous garb, wears sandals. All manifest wild gestures, and then rush forward and lay hold upon him. He appears to be frightened. One of them opens a trap door.

Jos.: Brethern, be merciful, be merciful,
I never, nay never harmed or wronged you.
1st S.: Let's put him in this cave beneath our feet.
Meanwhile we'll counsel what is best to do.
All: Well said, well said, let us do it.
[They drag him now to hole.]
Jos.: Help! help! murder—murder—help!

They shove him down and let trap door down. All

ooking wild, standing around hole. A pause, after which enters Judah, also in shepherd's dress—all turn to him.
Jud.: What's up brethern? why look ye all aghast? [13
Methought, as I was watching yonder flock,
I saw our younger brother Joseph pass,
And after it, I heard a cry for help.
I hope you did not harm, this our brother,
Else you bring with sorrow our sire in th' grave.
Ru.: We caught this unprofitable proud twig.
He is an enemy to our welfare,
And thus we mean to squeeze the vital spark,
Out of this dangerous vile youth.
All: Aye, that we mean to do—aye, mean to do.
Jud.: What profits us, this high-handed proceeding?
He is our brother still—our flesh and bone.
I see there in the distance drawing nigh,
A caravan of Midian merchants.
Let's sell him, and to Egypt he will go,
And never trouble us again, nor our sire.
To whom we'll tell, that some wild beast devour'd him,
In proof of which we show him his son's frock,
Which we will dye, in crimson blood of a kid.
All: Well said, well said, brother Judah.

[Enter now a caravan of oriental travelers, having along camels well packed.]

Jud.: A salaam to you, merchants of the plain;
We offer you for sale, a nice young man,
To us for years in service duly bound,
If you will take him to Egypt's happy land. [land,]
Merchant: Our course lies up the Nile, the promised
We are in need of one to drive our camels.
We will thus strike a bargain, if agreed,
And for him give you twenty silver pieces.
All: Agreed, agreed, we strike a bargain.

[They pull him out now; strip him of his frock.]

Jos.: Don't sell me brethern, for heavens' sake,
I'll be always your humble servant.

They drag him out now—Joseph resists, cries help, and his brethern stand in a group on tip toe, seeing him go out. Scene now shifts away, and they march out with the scene. The new scene now appearing presents Pharaoh's palace in Egypt. Enter Joseph in regal garb. A black page carrying a chair sets it down and withdraws. Joseph sits down. Time, 1716 B. C.

[The Tables turned]

Jos.: Send in the steward at once.

[Boy bowing and exits.]

Jos.: A dream I had so many years ago,
While yet innocent, in my father's house.
But for this dream my brethern exiled me,
To this land of Egypt, my new found home.
And true it has became, my boyhood's dream.
My brethern now have come and humbly bow,
Before me, their unknown and despised brother.
Though fortune since has smiled on me,
And now Egypt's proud ruler I be.
There is a famine in my native land,
And they have come to fill their sacks with corn.
I am exalted now, above them in station,
Yet still, I will forget and will forgive.
My heart longs still to press them to my breast,
I will quest them, to test their change of heart:
To see if now they have for sure repented,
And love me like a brother now.

[Enter Stewart.]

Stewart, has thou then put the silver cup,

14 And money in their sacks, as I commanded?
Stewart: I did, my lord—I did my lord.
I then overtook them, searching their sacks.
And took away the money and the cup.,
On which discov'ry, they tore their garments,
And gave utterance to lamentations;
They have returned, to meet your condemnation.
Jos.: Away, away, bring them before me now.
Stewart exit; and in a little while returns with the 11 of Joseph's brethern, with their camels laden with sacks.
Jos.: You have rewarded then evil for good?
Jud.: What shall we say, unto my lord,
How clear ourselves of these odious charges?
God visits on us now a righteous punishment,
For our sins done in years gone past.
As we then wronged Joseph, our youngest brother,
Behold we are all your lordship's servants.
For our sire said: If you don't bring Benjamin home,
You shall not see your father's face again,
And I my lord, became surety for the lad.
Jos.: You say you had a brother, Joseph by name?
Jud.: Yes, sire, therefore God's judgment is on us.
Though often we have mourn'd for this base deed.
[Joseph rushes towards them while saying:]
Jos.: I am your long lost brother Joseph.
[He embraces them—they manifest fear and surprise.]
Jos.: Now come with me to my festive gay halls,
By feast to celebrate our reunion.
[All link hands now, Joseph at the head and sing in chorus.
Chor.: We have found him—we have found him;
Our long lost, our long lost brother.
We brethren now are reunited.
The lamp of fraternal love is lighted.
Therefore let us happy, happy be,
A happy, happy lot are we.
They exeunt now, led on by Joseph. Scene now changes to a view of Mount Sinai Time 1450 B. C. An altar appears at the foot of the mountain with the figure of a golden calf on it. Enter Aaron, having a wand in hand, followed by a crowd of noisy Jewish rabble.
[The Knot which ties.]
Aar.: Idolators, there is your brazen god,
Which I have fashioned for you out of clay;
Because our Moses is still in the mountain,
Now you can worship this image of clay.
They all kneel before it and worship it, while Aaron goes a little front, addressing unseen being.
A.: Thou great creator of heaven and earth,
Behold this idolatrous people,
Now humbly worshipping this golden calf,
While Moses thy faithful, faithful servant,
Tarries in the mountain at thy command.
Thou who from Pharaoh's ignoble hands
Didst make them free, and ledst them through the sea,
And fed with manna them in the wilderness.
They all rise now and dance in front of calf: then sing in chorus.
Chorus: We worship now a golden calf;
A golden calf, a golden calf.
We love him on high not half,
Not half so much as this calf.
This golden calf, this golden calf,
Looking pretty like the elf,
Devil, devil, little devil,
We worship thee, oh, little devil.

It thunders and the lightning flashes across. All group together, now affrighted, in one corner, while Moses enters at other side with two tablets in his hands.

Mos.: What noise heard I the children of Israel make,
While I descended from the mountain?
Methought I heard a shout of Jubilee.
[Sees calf. To Aaron, who approaches.]
But what is that? Tell me quickly.

A.: I was compelled by these vile hordes a brazen god
To make, whilst thou didst tarry in the mount.
Said they: "Let us make gods who go before,
For we wot not what did befall our leader."

M.: Did thus they act? This superstitious rabble,
Who were our Creator's special care,
Those stiff-necked hordes—do they just now rebel?
And none of Israel's tribe on the Lord's side?

A.: Be not so angry, father Moses,
For still there is the tribe of Levy left.

M.: Thank God! one still left under our banner,
Bring them hither. Away, away, away.
[Aaron exit.]
I'll thus destroy this seditious crew,
Renegades from the covenants of heaven.
But those who shall abide with him,
The Lord will give the promised land,
Where milk and honey flows—milk and honey flows.

Enter Jewish priests carrying tabernacle, a crowd of Jews following them, some play on harps and cymbals. They stop, and Moses in front of them reads from tablets the ten commandments.

M.: I am the lord, thy master and thy God.
Beside me thou shalt have no other Gods.
Keep thou, the Sabbath of the lord, holy.
Thou shalt not take the name of God in vain.
Thy father and thy mother do honor.
Thy brother man, never with malice kill.
Commit thou not, in fact adultery.
Also beware, feloniously to steal.
Of perjury, let thy loose tongue be free.
Nor covet thy neighbor's house, wife, maid, or ass.

It thunders and lightning flashes again, amid which the procession marches out at R., while the scene moves also that way, out of sight. The next scene brings us to 1015 B. C. and presents to us Solomon's temple.

Enter Solomon in regal habit, is carried in by four pages, sitting on one of those oriental sedan chairs, used by potentates in the orient. They set it down.
[Solomon's Tips oe'er Many Ribs.]

Sol.: 'Tis well, ye slaves, depart.
By an all-wise decree I am placed here,
As sovereign king of all Israel,
Therefore I pray to thee omniscient God,
To give to me an understanding mind,
Also a sympathizing gen'rous heart,
So that I may my people justly rule,
And mercy season all my just decrees.
[Enter a Lackey.]

Lakey: There are without two female disputants,
They have a quarrel for you to decide.

Sol.: I will tend to them, so let them enter. [L. exit,]
The office of a ruler is onerous,
Not only to decide affairs of state;
But also the strife of washer-women,
And the legions of hot private disputes.
Our crown is cluster'd full of pearls, called cares,
Which weigh us down, but yet it must be done.

16 Re-enter lackey with two women, one carrying a live, and the other a dead child.

1st Woman: I and this woman did dwell together.
I was delivered of a handsome child.
The night thereaft, this lady at my side,
Gave also birth to a still-born infant;
At midnight she arose—your handmaid slept,
And from me took my bonnie child.
Laying her dead one to my heaving breast.
Next morning I awoke to suck my babe.
When lo! I found this spurious brat, stone dead.

2nd Woman: Nay, it is but an optical illusion.
The living child mine, the dead one hers.

Sol.: Each of you say, the living child is hers,
And that the dead one is the other's;
I cannot pass judgment on proof like this.
Bring in the executioner with his axe,
I'll do equal justice, and part in halves,
The living one, and each shall have her share.

Enter executioner in scarlet dress, with block and axe.

Sol.: Lay this child on your bloody block,
And cleave it in two equal halves.

[Executioner takes child and lays it on block.]

2nd W.: Aye, my good lord, a most, most, just decree;
So each of us will get an equal share.

1st W.: Stop! stop! you bloody butcher, stop.
I will desist, and here renounce my claim.

Sol.: Give this little wee-wee baby,
To the sacrificing lady.

Executioner gives it to 1st woman, and she goes out exultant, the other in a rage. Executioner also exit with his tools.

Sol.: It takes a clear, discerning mind,
To even run the course of public justice,
I understood a real mother's feelings
Not to sacrifice her heart's offspring.
I find the women are litigatious;
A stubborn set of willful creatures,
And this I learned by sad experience.
As I'm a rather muchly married man,
And my wives are numbered by the legion.
The frail charms of women make wise men fools,
And in mine eyes I do appear degrad'd. (Looks out.)
Ah, there! I see them come, my many ribs,
They make a charge on me in solid phalanx.

[Rises from sedan.]

Ahem! ahem! what course I now pursue?
I must depart, or else I am undone. (Hesitates.)
Too late, for me to fly to my close cot,
I better stay and meet the onslaught manfully.

Enter now a lot of Solomon's wives with acclamations and manifestations of joy. They all hang on to him, and embrace him, he acts the patient martyr.

Sol.: A misfortune it is, to wear the breeches.

[They all group themselves and sing.]

Chorus: We have him now, our Solomon,
He is a very precious bone.
Let us hug him, let us kiss him,
This fills our hearts with joy brimful.

[Solomon now breaking away from them.]

Sol.: You ride this horse with love to death.
I cannot pay all this cupid's debt.

Rushes out, women after him, hanging on his garments, with shout of jubilee. The sedan is carried out. All move out at R. Scene moves same way out of sight.

The next scene presents, at night, the suburb of Athens, and Socrates' cottage. Time, 400 B. C.

[Not a Petruchio.]

[Enter Socrates in front of his cottage.]

Socrates: I've been discussing with rhetors politics,
And metaphysics with philosophers.
So that it has grown late to-night,
And my watch points to the eleventh hour.
Gentle Xantipe, thou art slumbering now,
Yes, gentle is she when in bed asleep,
Awake, she is a fearful Jupiter.
How limited is our mundane knowledge,
How foolish are too often the most wise.
Knowledge is but a niche to things concealed;
And then how short, the span of wisdom's sight.
We're wise when we have learned our own weakness,
Learn'd that we cannot pierce into the hidden realms,
Of light, or darkness, yond our short vision.
But let me knock, to see the lamb transformed
Into a lion, awake, awake! your lord
Returned home—she must be fast asleep;
Nothing as yet, ho, wife! gentle Xantipe,
Open your door, your Socrates is home.

Now the window in second etage opens. A candle light appears in window, and his wife sticks her head out—head enveloped in night-cap, she has a vessel of water in hands, which she throws on Socrate's head, then withdraws and closes window, saying:

Xantipe: It is, it is, my dear Socrates.
Philosophize o'er this until to-morrow.

Soc.: It was lightning all day, I expected
A thunderstorm at this dark night.
I will not disturb your sleep gentle wife.
But go at once again to our market place,
There to instruct the youths of Athens.
Fare you ever well, yea ever well.

Exit at R.—a little after enters Xenophon, Plato, and other pupils of Socrates.

Xenophon: Here we are, at our dear master's home;
I wonder if he has gone upstairs to rest?

Plato: Have then already Athens' senators,
Condemned Socrates, our teacher and sire?
(Eternal the Soul.)

Xen.: He is condemned to die, by his own hand,
To drink the poisonous cup of hemlock.
The sight before our tribune was sublime.
Not like a cur he stood there, begging for dear life,
Nay not him, but he stood erect, god-like.
Out of his eyes there shot a searing fire,
Which scorched to crisp his foul accusers.
He said: his cause must live, though he must die,
And if perchance he should go free again,
He would anew thus teach our youths of Athens.
His eloquence, my lips cannot portray;
But must be seen and heard by ears, and felt by hearts.
He shook his hearers now with storms of passion,
Then swift with eagle's wings he soar'd to the sublime.
Again, with gentle curves his voice to murmur sank.
His vocalism, struck you, as if you heard
The last chords of a grand orchestral chorus.
Wafting its last notes on the calm ambrosial air.
His voice, oft in cadence rang, gentle as the dove,
Or the murmuring of the meand'ring brook,
Thus he led them on, by his flow'ry speech,
Till by its charm, you felt as if passing,
Amid the zephyrs of an enchanted grove.

18 And then again, fiercely he scorned his foes.
Defiance bid to his base judges.
His face shone with halo bright, as he cried out:
My doctrine and I will live though my body,
A victim of your malice dies.
All: Bravo! bravo! bravo!
(A pause, after which re-enters at L. Socrates.)
Socrates: Ha! have you all assembled at my cot?
But be not dismayed, that I go hence.
What I have said, will live forever.
Proclaim I did to doubting mankind,
The boon of life's immortality.
Men's souls pass here a transitory stage;
After it is set free, from this frail form,
It wanders forth to congenial climes.
In heaven's garb, it does roam about,
In yon elysian fields of perfect bliss.
You saw the glory of the setting sun;
So ends our mundane flick'ring, fleeting life.
But like the rising sun sheds orient pearls,
The soul will rise in new realms of beauty.
Keep thus this blessed boon steadfast in sight:
Teach then, the greatest study of mankind, is man,
And that well doing is the noblest work of life.
(Enter Athenian officers, one carries the cup of hemlock.)
Soc.: Hah! my hour has come, there are the henchmen.
We owe a cock to Æsculapius,
Discharge the debt and pray omit it not.
Give me the cup, I am prepared to die.
(He takes it and drinks.)
'Tis done, 'tis done, my mission is fulfilled.

He is about sinking—falls in his disciples' arms—all stand aghast—they carry him out, procession follows. After a pause, the scene moves out the same way, and the new scene appearing, presents the temple in Jerusalem. Time, 32 years A. C.

(Chant De Messiah.)

Enter two Jews conversing.

1st J.: Have you heard of the news in Jerusalem?
2nd J.: Not yet, I've just returned from Bethsada.
1st J.: Not heard of one Jesus of Gallilee?
And his great wonders there performed.
2nd J.: Only rumors; pray tell me of his deeds.
1st J.: In years past, born in a crib at Bethlehem,
The shepherds while herding their grazing flocks,
Appear'd to them at night, a host of angels.
The heavens shone with refulgent glory;
And sang the host: Rejoice—rejoice,
For there is born unto you this midnight,
A savior, the christ, your lord.
Years have since rolled on, this Jesus grew apace,
Has since done multitudes of wonders.
The scribes have searched the holy scriptures,
And they say: from Bethlehem should come,
Our people's saviour and king.
And now they say: that he is christ, indeed,
Of whom our ancient prophets spoke,
A king to free us from our foreign foes.
And at this hour, he is approaching
To our city, and will pass hard by here.
2nd J.: Glory to God, if thus our prayers are heard.
The prophetic promise is then fulfilled.
The Messiah has come to deliver,
Israel from yoke of foreign bondage.
(Going, pulling other out.)
Away, away, let us go see him come.

They exeunt at R. while after a while enters Jesus and his disciples.

Jesus: You go to yonder near by inn;
There you find tied to a mullberry tree,
A sturdy ass, and prancing colt.
Bring hither them, and if asked wherefore;
Say then: our master has need of them.
This must be done, that it might be fulfilled,
Of which the prophets spoke in epochs past.
Saying: tell ye the daughters of Zion,
Behold! thy king cometh unto the meek,
Sitting on an ass's back.

Disciple now re-enters, with ass and colt; is followed by a crowd of Jews, men, women, and children, carrying palm and olive branches. He mounts ass, some spread their coats on the ground.

Chorus: Hosannah, hosannah, hosannah,
To David's son, to David's son,
Hosannah, hosannah to the Lord.

All swing their branches, procession marching out.

ACT. II.

Scene 1 brings us to a period of 2,000 years A. C., to a time on which we have not yet entered: but which, when it makes its appearance, we fondly hope, will find mankind in greater harmony and prosperity. A time when our minds have more expanded, and peace with its white winged banner will float over the nations. The locality of our meeting is a grove, a sort of suburb to a model metropolis. The time: the eve of the aniversary fete of national independence and freedom. Here we meet on the road, Simon Puresimpleton and Gimcrack, two of our country cousins, who are on their way to see to-morrow, the great national celebration in the city, and also, by way of a little diversion, to meet their sweethearts, who have been the cause of softening their brains, and of making their hearts vealy. Here, we also meet Adam, our first parent, whom the allwise ruler has awakened from his long sleep, to take a peep at the world now; and to enliven his old soul, has also determined to resurrect Eve, his whilom partner, to share his joy. First, we find our friend Gimcrack, well stocked with a cider jug, to still his thirst, on his pilgrimage to the capitol.

Gim.: It was a wise provision for my aunt to give me some sweet cider along, else I would have dried up like a mummy, before reaching the city to see my lassie, at this 4th of July celebration.

(Bucolic Shrimps.)

I had thus quite a morning stroll,
To play my part in lover's role.
Vineyards I passed, and beds of flowers,
While lisping leaves and meand'ring brooks,
Joined with the birds to pass away the hours.
The nightingales sang from many nooks.
'Twixt them I heard the anthem of the larks,
Up in the clouds rose those morning heralds.
And now I am near to my destined goal,
The city of wisdom, art, and bright gold.
The great nave of our mundane universe,
Whose spokes reach in the core of mankind's breasts.

Looks out, at same time enters slowly, Simon Puresimpleton, a young rustic, wearing a three-cornered hat, and a red kerchief around neck, carrying parasol and a bunch of flowers.

Gim.: What a fossilated specimen of humanity comes ere along?

(To Simon.)

Halloa! stranger, also on the way to see the city elephant, and get civilized?

Sim.: Yes siree, yer riverence, I am going up to town, to the 4th of July celebration, and to see my gal.

G.: Well, old friend shake an honest man's paws. I am on the same road: and am afflicted with the same disease: and you know in misery there is a fellow-feeling, which makes us wondrous kind.

(Simon now in sportive manner touches him in the ribs, laughing.)

S.: Ha-ha-ha me lad, going, going indeed, to get the cobwebs brushed from our noble brows by the city lassies.

G.: That's it exactly: but tell me confidentially, who is the lass who is going to do your brushing?

S.: Well, sorter boss, to tell you true, I have not yet seen my town masher. [Pulls out a letter.]

G.: Not yet seen the female tyrant, who broke all the crystals of your stony male heart?

S.: Well, not yet, boss, she did it by letter, and from them I think she takes the biscuit, as a she plum-pudding.

G.: Well, that gal of your's is a stunner, and a bigger load than I would like to carry.

S.: But she is as sweet as a cart of watermelons. You see, boss, it came this wise; one day I was reading a newspaper, when, under the head of matrimonial notices, I saw a notice of a lady wishing to correspond with a gentleman of wealth and cûlture.

G.: And you thought that you filled the bill?

Simon. (taking a proud posture.)

I should say so, I should say so.

G.: Good gracious!

S.: And thus we came to exchange epistles like this, and from sweet, it became sweeter, and——

G.: Oh! I understand, I am familliar with the musical gamut of love. It became then sweetest of all, in fact so sweet, that it nearly burst your boiler, and lacerated your troubled heart. Thus, you come to see and conquer.

S.: I should say so, I should say so: for lor! look at this musk scented letter I got yesterday, from her, wherein she invites me, as a sign by which she may know me, that at the waiving of her white handkerchief at the fete in the city; I should climb the liberty pole, wear a three cornered hat, and a red handkerchief; and thus win her heart.

G.: In fact, lay her close to your palpitating heart, in your old farm house.

Takes letter, walks off a little perusing it, while Simon feels his breast, and makes affirmative gestures. Gimcrack's face now changes to comic anger and astonishment, saying aside:

G.: What! the deuce! this very letter is written by my own sweetheart Agness Tomboy. Shall I be now crowned chuckold? Heart be still, heart be still.

(A pause, after which he appears again complacent.)

Well, Gimcrack, don't make a fool of yourself; for your sweetheart wants simply to have a little fun with this rustic simpleton. As he has not seen her yet, there is no damage done. For I am familliar with every cubic inch of my Agness Tomboy.

(Aloud—Returns letter.)

Allow me to congratulate you. You have there secured a precious girl, her letter breaths sweetness, as far as pen and ink will permit. And I suppose you will climb

the liberty pole, as a sign of recognition, and to [21
gain that sweet morsel?
S.: Sure boss, shure boss, and carry her home, and give her every day six stout meals of pork, 'tatoes, and cabbage to make her fat: and give her all the apple jack, and sweet cider she wants to drink.
(Gives him jug, he drinks.)
G.: Take a drop, take a drop, it cools the nerves.
Well, on such good luck, let's sing to our lassies.
(Buttons on the High C.)
Both: Then here is to our lassies bright,
Sweet cider will not make them tight.
G.: But pray you my dear, dear Simon,
Think not so very much of hymen.
For there's good many falls and slips,
Between the cup and the long lips.
Both: For there's good many falls and slips,
Between the cup and the long lips.
S.: My gal she is the fairest buttercup,
Of all the lassies bright, she is the top.
G.: Yes, take her home and show her your washtub,
Where she can play piano to her Bob.
Both: Yes, play with cows and dairy butter,
Till her heart beats like birds who flutter.
G.: Yes, Simon, love her to distraction,
If you don't want of her a fraction.
Both: Thus cherry let us ever, ever be,
As long as we have cider from apple-tree.
And then three cheers for our jolly maidens,
For love they do, and sing in sweet cadence.
As wives, they do—our shirts to wash and boil,
Our clothes to mend, and in the kitchen toil.
For we men are lords of creation,
In war we do protect our nation.
And three cheers more for our mothers-in-law,
They learn our wives to give us a big jaw.
S.: Well, friend, I guess I will have to go, to be there in time to meet my lass.
G.: Aye, start in time, for early birds,
Always do catch of food two thirds.
[Simon exit.]
A *bon voyage*, a *bon voyage*.
There goes the fool, of modern age,
But blow me if the gay fool's cap,
I don't put on that greasy chap.
I told you so, I told you so,
And pray don't you forget it.
Looks out at L. Astonished. Enter at L. slowly on crutches, Adam, (first parent) with long silver locks of hair, hanging down his shoulder.
[Adam Redivivus.]
Gim.: Who in the world is this human spectre?
With shape of an Egyptian mummy;
Perchance he is of antediluvian age,
I must sound him, I must sound him.
Halloa! halloa! old man, whence comest thou?
Adam: Ask me from whence I come? 'tis not easy told,
My life's journey has been long and weary.
Its starting point dates back thousands of years,
Ev'n from the dawn of this world's creation.
Gimcrack leads Adam to a bank of moss, and helps him to sit down.
G.: Alas! poor man my inner sight was right,
Please take a seat on this green clod,
Your limbs which have withstood the worm of time,
Are now very fragile, brittle and tired.

A.: Truly, 'tis true, my son, they are, they are.
Only a wreck I am of my former self,
Yet now and then, the electric fire of heav'n
Gives them new life and spasmodic action.
Our body may be strong, aye, as iron,
Yet time, with its keen edged fell scythe,
Will cut to tatters this fragile weak bark.
The chilling winds of age will then blow out,
The flickering lamp of mundane life.
G.: I wean then that you are the first made man,
Of which the Bible speaks—Adam of our race.
A.: I am, son, what I am, though true it is,
I am the one of whom the Bible speaks.
G.: Let me embrace thee sire, reverened sire,
And tell me all about creation's morn,
Of Eve, thy rib, and that forbidden tree.
A.: If ignorance is bliss? 'tis folly to be wise.
G.: Nay, good grand sire, the adage ought to run.
If wisdom is bliss? 'tis folly to be ignorant.
For mankind has outlived its childhood stage,
And needs now solid food instead of milk.
A.: I see the world is onward progressing,
But loth I am to be the stepping stone,
The rock on which the billows of faith would wreck.
G.: But sire our parching lips thirst for knowledge,
Longing to drink from the pure stream of truth,
Be not afraid to tell thy story true,
We like to know if by heaven's decree,
Your being was moulded out of earthly dust?
And Eve, your wife, was taken from thy loins?
Or if ancient history is a myth?
Though it prove false, yet our finite weak mind,
Is bound to worship one superior being,
A ruler of this great universe,
In whom our souls move and have their being.
Mankind endowed with reason, likes to know
More of this vast, this vast creation.

[Pre-historic Splinters.]

A.: As thou persists in urging me to tell,
And as my mem'ry is well stocked with facts,
Stored up through ages of my pilgrimage,
Know then, the mind dies not; but lives e'er on,
With all its faculties, and facts stored up,
On its plastic walls hang many pictures,
Which it at will into action calls.
My stay with thee is only short, therefore,
I can speak only of principal events;
I saw and heard since first creation's morn,
Until about five hundred years ago,
When by his wise decree I fell asleep,
And slept till now, when I awoke,
But the consequences be on thy head.
G.: Pray thee, proceed, proceed, I'll bear them.
A.: This universe was once a great chaos,
Until, by an allwise decree—order,
Was brought out discordant disorder.
Globes form'd by centripetal forces,
Thus was our earth created into being,
After myriads of other fair worlds,
Had seen the light of day, had seen the light of day.
Vegetation now into being sprang,
Epochs passed on, and now with slow degrees,
Animal life in lowest forms,
Sprang forth from highest vegetable being,
And thus the march of brute development began,
When finally there came the primeval man;

As male and female germs are primal parts,
Of this colossal grand creation.
G.: Well sire, of mankind, for a long time past,
I had a notion that such was the case,
And now I'm glad to be confirmed.
But how did the primeval man progress?
A.: I have experienced all the changes,
And will in a few short words relate to you:
At our creations morn, I and my bonnie Eve,
Bore more similitude to brute than man.
We roved around the field like other beasts;
We had no need of work to feed our body,
As earth's fair brow, set for us anywhere,
A bounteous table of richest viands.
G.: But were they not cold, raw and unpalatable?
A.: We até things raw, though not less savory.
Cooking is the enfeebling mode of this age,
Engendering disease and human weakness.
We, the primeval man, were enduring,
We had good lungs, liv'd long, and were quite tough.
Instinct our guide, with touch of dawning reason.
Thus pass'd an epoch on, while our tissues,
Fibres and bones, grew finer in texture.
Immerg'd then into the pastoral age.
Our mental faculties kept on growing,
Reason increased, as did our numbers.
We governed were first by patriarchs,
Then judges wise; then by the rod of kings,
Whilst in our midst did rise prophets and seers.
G.: Ha! ha! I heard of that succulent age,
When patriarchs and kings had so many wives.
A.: True son, our rulers then took many ribs.
Scott free walk'd rape throughout the land,
Our reason was then yet benighted,
And brutal force swayed its potent sceptre.
Then came the age of soldiery and classes,
Cæsars ruled with tyrannical sway;
Reason was then still in darkness clouded.
Envy, jealously, and revenge,
Held their carnival of destruction.
Thousands were slaughtered in battle array.
False prophets rose superstition to inflame.
Then in Judea, arose a God inspir'd man,
To ameliorate the evils of mankind,
He to them spake in parables and figures,
Best suited to the knowledge of his time.
This benefactor and his followers,
Donated to us the holy Bible.
Time passed, religion worked mighty deeds,
Until again a host of false prophets rose,
Cloisters became the asylums for crime,
And priestcraft ruled with nefarious sway.
'Til Luther challenged open war to them.
Just then by an allwise decree I fell asleep.
An hour ago I heard the trumpet sound:
Awake! awake! awake! Adam awake!
I rose, my voyage to renew.
But pray, how is the world progressing now?
[Progressive Persimmons.]
G.: Thou wisht to know what the world has done since?
You shall behold the city in its pride.
Mankind is progressing onward still,
Grand are the things we have accomplished.
You'll see our coach, the airy ship pass by,
Control we do the wind, ride on the tempest neck.
Unveiled we have the vestibules of many worlds.

Annalyzed and decomposed form and matter.
Made each atom bring forth its hidden pow'r.
Our intellect is now not more benighted,
We act no more on faith ; but fact and reason.

The whistle and rattling of a fire engine is heard without, Adam looks out, shows fright.

A.: O, Son ! what monster spitfire is that?
Eschewing such hideous cries—comes it from hell?
Or is he but a screeching dread dragon ?
G.: Be not afraid, I see thy old limbs tremble.
Such monsters as you name, travel no more,
On earth's fair brow amidst its hills and valleys:
Except as servile ministers to man.

The whistling, rolling and puffing of a railroad engine and cars is heard without—both look out.

G.: This is our agent steam—our coach on land,
You see the good old time, when man travelled
On foot, or on the elephant's broad back,
Has pass'd away, now, ev'ry bog-trotter
Rides like a lord, in a steam car.
With swiftest speed, crossing o'er hill and plain :
Against which the gait of the fastest steed,
Is but the crawling of the snake.

Looks out again, while a blaze of fire appears at R. out of sight, but its light is visible. Adam becomes excited, hops around.

A.: Behold the raging fire—sure flames of hell.
G.: Nay sire, be not afraid, some careless Bridget,
Of larder fame, has left ungarded her cook-stove ;
But it will be extinguished in no time.

Rattling and whistling of fire engines is heard outside where light comes from, some firemen are also seen running across the stage towards the fire.

G.: This machine you see there, is a fire engine,
Constructed by speculative bold men.
Sire, you see we're familliar with fire.
Which in your time, was thought an element of hell.
We harnessed it, to serve the comfort of mankind.
[Noise of engine ceases, and blaze dies away.]
Nay, what is more we now control Jove's thunder.
The lightning's streak flashing athwart the sky,
They all now yield obeisance to our will.
A.: 'Tis marvelous ; men are becoming gods.
G.: Why, good sire, we have astronomers,
Who measure the circumference of the heavens,
Know their distance, motion, hour and minute,
When sun, moon and stars will pass a certain point.
Through their telescopes, they gaze into
Boundless space, examine and view there,
Inhabitants of divers distant globes.
We now do use telegraph wires,
Which with lightning's quickness, set us in rapport
With our brother man, on earth's farthest bounds.
Man is no more Egyptian, Jew, Arab,
Roman or Greek—but cosmopolitan.
Yet, more than all, our thoughts are now,
Transmitted through the air and endless space.
Now, man communes with his fellow man.
O'er ocean wide, by sympathetic light of psyche :
And continents are joined by the bridge of love,
Along which speeds the soul's electric spark.
Thus when the batt'ry of two souls is closed,
They comprehend each other's thoughts,
And feel the beating of their heart's as one,
Though bodily ten thousand miles apart.
[Adam hobbles around uneasy.]

A.: I am afraid I am not for your times,
Oh! oh! give me the good old time again.
G.: Yet patient be good sire, we do still more,
We now commune with our dead friends,
And with the world's great creator direct.
We need no more, the intervention,
Of prophets, seers, necromancers,
Charlatans, mediums and humbugs.
No more mediators, or vicarious atonement,
Forged is the soul's chain, joining us to God.
No more sacrifices, and sacerdotal robes,
Our hearts en rapport beat with the creator.
At first we were only animal-men,
Then we became contemplative beings.
Of late we have advanced into the spirit realm,
With thoughts sublime, and heavenly desires.
Now reigns supreme perfect freedom,
And swords are made into plow-shares.

[Music heard in the distance and shouts of joy.]

A.: But hark! What's that? Celestial music!
I hear a choir of angels sing.

G.: Yes, sire, angels, but without wings. They are celebrating the 4th of July—the anniversary of the establishment of liberty. The city is hard by here, and soon you will see them. But what has brought you in this grove?

A.: I pray you tell me the name of this grove?

G.: I believe they call it Edgewood.

A.: Just before I awoke I dreamt that in Edgewood Grove, Eve, my partner, slept.

G.: What! your whilom Eve buried here?

A.: So the oracle said into my ear—and that if I would be at this hour here she would awake by my magic touch, and with me walk along to see the world's progress.

G.: Things begin to look strange. Here to restore to life the mother of mankind. However, I'm always ready to help a man to a wife.

[Searching, finds pick in weeds.]

So here we go for business first, and afterward for pleasure.

[Searching around grove.]

If anywhere she is, she must repose in this bank of moss.

[Commences to use pick at bank.]

G.: Going, going—not a kingdom for a horse, but a kingdom for a wife.

After working a little with pick, Adam putting rubbish away, pick strikes on metal.

G.: Here we got the old girl. Old man brace up—brace up.

He now pulls out a metalic coffin, looking rusty outside. Adam shouts for joy and faints.

G.: Brace up, brace up, old man. Married folks need strong joints and stiff upper lips.

Adam recovers and both pry open the lid. Adam shouts again and bends over coffin.

G.: Here we got her, as fresh as a daisy. I told you so, I told you so.

Gimcrack commences to rub her now all over. They lay her first on bank. She appears with flowing long white hair and oriental dress. Adam holds bottle to her nose.

G.: I'm afraid we will have hard work to resuscitate her, as she appears to be rather tough. But still my magnetism will bring her to. if there is yet a spark o

 life. That's right old fell, give her the bottle—it either cures or kills.

He now takes an instrument from pocket, looking like a toy battery and holds it to her feet.

G.: I'm lucky that I took this morning this galvanic battery along—to prevent the lightning striking me. Now I'll give her a dose of it. This will fetch her.

After awhile Eve commences to show life; twitches, sneezes and draws up her limbs. They help her up now.

G.: Brace up; brace up, old woman. Your Adam has not yet passed in his check.

They get her now on feet. She becomes more vivacious. They recognize each other, and Adam and Eve embrace, amid exclamations of joy. Gimcrack stands apart.

G.: I told you so, I told you so—there is always a woman in the case.

[To them.]

Hymenial occasions are always graced with a song—particularly a wooden, silver, golden, centennial or a millennial wedding like this.

[Again the Cat.]

[They sing now—join hands—Eve in the middle.]

A.: I have this wife the joy of my new life.
G.: She's his wife—the joy of his new life.
Eve: Good friends, what is this all about?
I heard the trumpet sound so loud,
What am I and how came I here?
Why sleeping in this rusty bier?
A.: Your husband I, came to relieve you
To pass with me a new life through.
G.: To bring you out I hove the pick,
My batt'ry made your heart tick,tick,
I told you so, I told you so,
And pray don't you forget it.
E.: It is then true, that 'neath this coffin lid,
I slept thousands of years, alone, amid
The shrubs and ferns and reeds of this lone grove,
Till my old stick came here along to rove.
A.: Yes, Eve, my rib, I came, with thee to sprout,
Along life's path to cheer thee up aloud.
A new life's lease we got from him on high,
Therefore, let's praise give him up in the sky.
Chorus: Thus sweet ought matrimony be,
Yes, bonnie wives and husbands true;
Be always cheerful and on the high C.
This only—only this—you will not rue.

Cannon shot heard in the distance and music out of view playing star spangled banner. Gimcrack pulling them along, saying:

G.: Well, my ancient friends, 'tis time, the signal of the fete has just been given. If you want to see the new world on a 4th of July, you better come along.

[At wing—aside.]

And I have to hurry up to put the fool's cap on that other chap—else he might chuckold me. [Exeunt.]

Scene 2 finds us in the metropolis, which is dressed in its Sunday clothes and in gala appearance, with floating banners and buntings from every window and house-top, while its park in the middle, with its green sod, its flowers and shrubs, its playing water fountains, its promenades and its liberty pole, with the eagle and the flag of freedom on its pinnacle, presents an attractive view. On looking around the city we find its modern improvements, its stores and workshops. Here we find the result of genius, the travelling by baloon and steam car. Yonder

we behold the observatory, with its telescope, showing [27 us distant planets. Turning again we find the fire-engine to keep the demon fire in check. We ambulate around and we see hundreds of new inventions of equal importance. Finally we see entering a multitude of people enjoying themselves in singing and dancing. A band discourses patriotic and enchanting airs. First we meet Miss Tomboy, the despoiler of the peace of our two friends, Gimcrack and Puresimpleton, whom we met before. She is found rocking herself in a swing, conversing with a lady friend.

L.: And you say your country Adonis will be here today, at our 4th of July celebration?

[Tomboy gets out swing and they come front.]

Tom.: Aye, Miss! Philosophy Gimcrack will come. you bet. And I shouldn't wonder if not also another country pumpkin will be here to smole on me.

[Shakes finger at her.)

L.: You are doing then a heavy business in swains. But beware that you don't get caught.

T.: The more the merrier. You see Gimcrack is such a deuce of a rake, so I thought to make him a little jealous by corresponding with another saphead, who will climb for me the liberty pole as a sign of recognition, wearing a red kerchief. So look out for fun.

L.: You are a mischief-maker—a thorn which pricks the soft spot of the lads.

T.: Aye! I prick them to the quick, to get all the fun out of them. But on such good luck let's sing our new song.

(The Maiden's Trust.)

Both: We'll have some fun—we make them run.
To buy us ice-cream by the ton,
And make them swear they will us pair,
Or else die lonely in despair.

T.: But let them rave and their hearts heave,
I do not care a straw for grief,
To-morrow they will 'gain play mischief,
And break their oaths of straw like thieves.

Both: To-morrow they will 'gain play mischief,
And break their oaths to us like thieves.

T.: So better we do keep quite cool,
And let them not of us make fools;
In agitation keep their hearts,
For this brings out their nobler parts.

L.: But oh! don't you pull cupid's string,
It will make your female heart ring.
Thus many times. I tried it often,
Till my poor heart began to soften.

T.: Now pray don't you get pathetic.
I am no male athletic.
My heart is not made of cold stone,
But burns like fire, right to the core.

Both: The lads they love us maidens well,
Oft do they us their passions tell.
What havoc our blue eyes have made,
Their hearts to splinters turned quite mad.
But trust them not, but trust them not,
We maidens trust them not—we trust them not.
We told you so, we told you so,
And pray don't you forget it.

Orchestra now plays a patriotic air, while enter a lot of girls in white dresses, with garlands of flowers around their heads, followed by a crowd of men carrying banners and by the music band playing. The girls link

hands and make some evolutions around park while singing.

[The Day of Jubilee.]

Chorus: Oh, goddess of liberty,
We are happy and free;
And may this freedom's tree,
Remind us of sweet liberty;
Sweet liberty—sweet liberty.
We will sing glory to thee.
Let all nations gladly bow,
Before thy exalted throne;
No care sits now on our brow;
Happy and free we live now.
Therefore, all praise to thee,
Goddess of liberty—goddess of liberty.

Pyrotechnics are now displayed and the band plays dance music, and they all dance while enter at R. wing, Simon Puresimpleton in former dress, while Miss Tomboy (not dancing) waves a white handkerchief, and Simon at once rushes to pole and climbs up. After which enters Gimcrack with Adam and Eve. He has a foolscap with bells in hand. He laughs and rushes up to pole, tying cap to string fastened to pole and pulls cap up.

Gim.: I told you so, I told you so,
That I would handicap him so.
And pray don't you forget it,
That it was me who did it.

While Adam and Eve look astonished around, finally they also dance. After a few turns Adam throws crutches away and dances lively with Eve. After Simon has reached top, he swings his hat. Foolscap has then also arrived. Hat falls and he puts cap on, while Gimcrack rushes up to Miss Tomboy. They embrace. Simon shakes fist at them angrily, while they make gestures of derision, as the curtain drops.

THE END.

OUR DOUGHTY CANTINIERS,

OR

COURTING THE WRONG LASS.

A LIBRETTO FOR A COMIC OPERETTA.

IN II ACTS.

(*Only One Stage Setting.*)

MICHAEL HAYSEED, - - - - - Our German Cousin.
BEN. AND TOM., - - - - - - - - His male scions.
BARNEY O'KEEF. A rustic old Irish gintleman of the rale ould stock.
PATRICK, - - - - - - - One of his grown up cubs.
MAJOR TICK, - - - - - - - A shaver on principles.
BOB CODFISH, - - - - - Succulent with the Lassies.
PRIMROSE, - - The dark horse in the Lover's Game.
MRS. O'KEEF, - Crossing the domestic rubicon with a broomstick.
AUNTIE PEG, - - - - - - - A lively girl for her age.
MARGUERITE AND CATHARINE, } The rival Cantiniers, playing it deuced sharp on the boys.

ACT I.

Scene: A military Fort among the Indians of the western frontier of the United States. Time—Day.

Before the curtain rises, the clack of hatcheling is heard, and when it rises it reveals a party of country women, engaged in hatcheling. They sing:

[The Hatchling Bee.]

Chorus: Crack, crack, crack, whack, whack, whack.
We work with our hatchels.
Peg: Prepare the hemp for shirts and for yankee satchels,
To get new clothes and throw away our old patches.
And furnish hempen, flaxen, bright color'd dresses
For rustic lads, our boys in blue and our lassies:
So that they charm our love lorn youths of sailor's hatches
Unite these ardent mokes, they make explosive matches.
In this fair land, we love a rumpus and a racket,
Relish to rove on foot, or rail, or steamboat packet,
And all the yankee chaps of this happy fast free land
Ambition mad, hanker to be its president.
Chorus: Crack, crack, crack, whack, whack, whack.
There go again our hatchels.
Peg: In western life we have no strife,
Good will and peace by us are rife.
Turnips our food, on cabbage we do thrive,
Roast beef and pork, we eat with fork and knife.
In homely garb we roam about,
In politics we are quite loud.
Thus ever be our yankee land of freedom.
Free thought and press, not tied by creeds or serfdom.
Chorus: Crack, crack, crack, whack, whack, whack,
We work with our hatchels.

Bonnie Kate, a branch of the O'Keef's tree, and Marguerite a twig of our Dutch landsman, Hayseed, have a little innocent fun with their fervent adorers, Ben and Bob, but the girls won't spark, not a nickle's worth, only for pastime, *sui generis—cum grano salis*. A hatcheling bee is in progress when our valiant Bob enters backward from the kitchen of the O'Keef's, pursued by Mrs. O'Keef and a broomstick. The old lady looks rather lynx-eyed at the adorer of her daughter Kitty, as his memory is rather weak as to the payment of his weekly hash-bill. After they have sufficiently cooled off, they express their too, too acute "feelins" in the following song:

[Cupid's Foibles.]

Mrs. O'K.: You rascal will get married,
But I'll take care you shan't.
Bob: But Mistress Keef, be not so deaf
You see a lover's bleeding reef.

Chorus: Yes, be not deaf, to his rib and reef,
His loving heart, comes else to grief.
O'K.: You silly rooster stop to crow,
Chorus: Kickerikue, kickerikue, kickerikue.
O'K.: This broomstick I'll on you bestow.
Pay your hash bill, it is antique,
Before you get so romantic.
Bob: Dilly-dally, woman's tackle,
Will this grey hen cease to cackle?
Chorus: Kluck, kluck, kluck, kluck, kluck or cackle.
Let this grey hen kluck or cackle,
Bob: I'll splice this lass; you go to grass,
Don't give me more your apple "sass."
Chorus: O yes, let him have his gay lass,
He has concealed away some cash.
Mrs. O'K. & Bob: Springtime is for spawning,
And proud lads go mooning.
On hill or valley,
Youths love to dally.
Chorus: O yes, let him have his pert lass,
He has concealed away some cash.

[Bob going out says:]

Bob: I'll be revenged on your sex—I'll be revenged, I will get married.

Among the women hatcheling is one Peg (not a bushel) who has a husband cognomened Major Tick. The latter's profession is borrowing, keep shady under the barrel, and at sober times wink at the "widders." He now enters, and Peg, for sheer joy, kicks with her dainty boot (only number tens) her lord's hat off, revealing a bald—a very bald upper story. They make, then, the air resonant with the following vocal ebullition:

[A Matrimonial Fusillade.]

T.: A jollier wife I ne'er had in my life.
Chor.: A jollier wife he ne'er had in his life,
A jolly old and buxom wife.
T. & P.: Though old in years—we banish tears
Love probed by age—gives us good cheers.
T.: Though oft you're cross, you old puss cat
Chor.: Miew—miew—miew.
T.: Then in the house, I play the rat,
Broomhandles fly, sauce pans and shears,
With which you often pinch my ears.
Peg.: These are earmarks, you old gray sinner,
By which love comes ahead the winner.
For oftentimes you take a cocktail horn,
As if lord of creation you were born.
T. & P.: Though old in years—we banish tears,
Love probed by age—gives us good cheers.

Marguerite, the merry German maiden has now a customer on the barber's stool, and in view of the fact that a dime is in sight, she lets her soul fly, and warbles the following lines:

[The Merry Tonsorial Maid.]

Mar.: I am a jolly barber's maid,
On all young fellows make a raid.
I scoff at city's belles so staid,
No health to make their souls elate.
Chorus: The jolly barber's maid
Makes on young lads a raid.
Mar.: I can cook a square meal,
And am the razor's bee.
I take no taffy and gum drops,
And box the laddie as he pops.
Chorus: She is the jolly barber's maid,
For all young lads a welcome bait.

Mar.: Like mountain birds, we live jolly and free,
And once a while we have a hatcheling bee.
When homespun dresses are made for the lassies
And hemp prepared for the boy's cuirasses,
Chorus: She is a jolly barber's maid,
For all young lads a welcome bait.

Old Hayseed exits into house. She now shaves customer.

Our friend, Major Tick, having in the meantime borrowed money enough to water his salivatory glands, becomes now rather too familiar with the bifurcated damsels, that is too much for his honest Peg, and after she has hauled him off by the ear and brought him near to her palpitating heart, they sound Orpheus' lyre with such paroxismal sweetness that the old master himself would have listened:

[An Old Duffer's Menu.]

Tick: And that's the "raeson,"
In springtime "saeson."
An old cock in the dark,
Loves to go on a lark.
Peg: Kickerikue, kickerikue.
Chorus: Yea, loves to go on a jolly lark.
He loves a lass, and a horn in th' dark.
Tick: Yes, plenty cash and old age,
Is with the widows all the rage.
To live and love till good old age,
Converts the sinner to a sage.
Chorus: Yes, loves to go on a jolly lark.
He loves a lass and a horn in th' dark.
Peg: My jolly, jolly, old gray duffer,
What care you though my feelings suffer.
Tick: No, dear Peg, never let your soul boil over.
If your old Tick plays to the girls the lover.
Peg: Take care, take care, don't you get up my dander.
I quarter else you masculine offender.
Chorus: Beware, beware, she'll fly unto your gable.
Subdue a woman's fury you're not able.

Bob and some carpenters having a job in the fort enter now, and Tick takes the opportunity to chaff Bob about Kitty, his flame. Finally, they give vent to their feelings in song.

[The Jolly Coterie of Blade Artists.]

Tick: Ye carpenters and journeymen.
Stand in a line and show your plane.
Break not with axe or sharp bucksaws.
The ladies' hearts and cupids' laws
Chorus: Shave, brothers, shave with care.
Shave smooth with care the fair.
Bob: You old sinner, go to dinner.
You are not a ladies' killer,
Yet still you are drum major Tick,
With little brains, my dear old Nick.
Chorus: Shave, brothers, shave with care,
Boards and plank smooth as hair.
Kate: You men follow my example,
And let these sweet ladies amble.
I take no stock in man's parole,
And need no masculine patrol.
Chorus: Shave, brothers, shave with care,
Boards and planks smooth as hair.

Old Hayseed rushes now from his booth, having discovered a leak in his beer barrels, requesting the carpenters to stop it. They cheerfully consent to discharge this, one of their patriotic duties, and amid the clack of

their mallets and beering their inner man, they stop [33
he leaks while singing a cantata :

[The Jolly Coterie of Blade Artists.]

With chissels and saws,
We dovetail the flaws,
And glue them tight across,
Aft symetrical laws.
With cleaver and lever,
And planer we bevel,
Our work O. K. and right.
And at evening tide,
We leave labor's delight,
And sing to lassies bright,
Or stroll with them at night,
Beneath the moon's pale light.
Clack, clack, clack, goes our hammer,
Onward we go forever.
With hearts rejoicing loud,
And sweat on our fair brows.
We hoist people's comfort,
To gain their round applause.
Despise not then the noble mechanic,
He is the nation's great protoplastic.
And then three cheers for our beery host.
In hops and malt his noble self is lost.
Thus beef and beer which give us vital strength,
We always welcome if within arm's length.
Then three more rousing cheers for malt and hops.
The lassies and our German merry host.
Clack, clack, clack, goes our hammer,
Onward we go forever.

These jolly patriots of the plane having now gone, and our Bob is left alone on the stage exercising his amatory emotions with a plane, when the melody of the merry German maiden—his other flame—strikes his unsophisticated long ears. He hears, but sees her not.

[The Hidden Treasure.]

I. I'm Mag with the auburn tresses,
And I own queenly eye-lashes.
With eyes that shed soft radiant light,
Or flash with scorn, like meteors bright.
Love buoys our souls, o'er life's troubled sea,
As all men love a bright skipping she.

II. Yet girls beware, treat all the boys with care,
For cupid is a dangerous rough bear.
In rosy scarlet robes he pries about,
And utters fervent prayers to us aloud.
But offer him a sip, he wants the whole lip,
Not satisfied with th' tip, he hugs the whole rib.

Marguerite, the jolly German maiden, having now presumably descended from the hay loft, where erstwhile she had been chanting, appears now on the scene, and finally yields to the urgent request of our Bob to open the stopcock of her musical valve and sing for him a song, which she does, and over which Bob feels his manly pride to mount his cheek, as a triumph of mind over matter. [The Triumph of Mind o'er Matter.]

Marg.: Codfish, Bob Codfish, Bob Codfish,
I like to marry whom I wish ;
As fast departed is one lover,
When quickly ogling me another.

Chorus: Killarney lads, O, punch with care,
The lassies at Donnie Brook fair.

Marg.: I shave the lads quite clean and square,
That their appearance may be fair.
But for myself, I love no lad

Who has no hair on lip or head.
Chorus: Killarney, lads, O, punch with care.
The lassies at Donnie Brook fair.
Bob: Bless the ladies, bless the ladies,
For like faries, and like babies,
Spooking, roaming in this gay world around,
To the music of love's sweet dulcet sound.
Chorus: Sisters, sisters, sharpen your keen scissors,
To shave with care all coy male visitors.

This little diversion of the jolly German maiden, has been watched by Master Primrose, an accepted adorer of hers; whom she thought absent on a journey abroad, but who had kept his weather-eye peeled, and determined to watch his charmer, a little incognito. Under these trying circumstances, he sets his teeth firmly, and resolves to watch the seemingly clandestine intended meeting of his dulcina, and that treacherous Bob, at ten P. M. that very night. The hatcheling party goes now to lunch, leaving our sedate friend Primrose, and Pat, his chum, on the scene. The latter consoles him, and thusly they sing. Pat holds up a glass with beer.

[A Specific.]

Pat: Do not mind it my dear Primrose,
In this alone we find repose.
Prim.: In future I'll believe you Pat.
I'll stick to beer it makes us fat.
But then that girl, it makes me swear,
I thought she was so true and fair.
Pat: Believe them not, believe them not,
They're always true till they are caught.
Prim.: I did not think, she would coquet
With this cross-eyed carpenter's rat.
Pat: God bless your soul, they all do it,
If they can get a buxom fit.
So calm yourself, so calm yourself,
Your pert lass is a fickle elf.
Both: Let's follow suit, in that same groove,
All men and women onward move.

They exeunt now, and after a little while enters on the scene, our German citizen, Hayseed, smoking out of a "*Vaterland*" pipe, the smoke of which so elevates his soul that it bubbles forth in a German song:

[Nicotinæ.]

Wenn mein Pfeifchen dampft und glühet,
Und der Rauch mir um die Nase ziehet,
Dann schwingt mein Geist sich auf zum Rand,
Da, wo ist das gelobte Land.
Chorus: Eine Pfeife voll Taback
Ist der Gôtter rein Geschmack!

A new victim for Marguerite's razor comes upon the scene, and full of elation at the prospect of another dime, they sing the following lines:

[The Grin Fantasia.]

Mar.: I, Gretchen and my nightingale,
Were riding on a railroad train,
And all the boys within the car,
Where smoling at me from afar,
Chorus: Then let them smole from points afar,
While riding in a railroad car.
Mar.: The chap beside me smoled so hard,
So that I thought he were all heart.
He cocked his eyes, his ears grew long,
His hair erect, his nose astride,
His pulse beat fast, his face got red,
His teeth shone forth, as like a gong,
His mouth expanded a yard wide,

While humming wistfully ding-dong.
Chorus: Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong.
Sing to the merry maid a dingle-dong.
Mar.: I left the car for him to cheese it,
I would not stand such tough chin music.
Chorus: Then let him smole from points afar,
While riding on a railroad car.

Hayseed sings solo: a thrill as "trio trial," etc., as is customary in Germany.

After awhile the hatcheling party returns from lunch, and our Irish and German fossils, after lubricating their throats with the customary beverages of their respective countries, entertain very kindly feelings for each other, and are rather desirous that their progeny should "pair," and at last they give vent to their emotions in patriotic songs:

[Sonata Amor Patriæ.]

O'Keef: On Erin's dells and hills,
There live the Mac's and O's,
Land of clear streams and rills,
Of Shamrock's and Primroses.
My home where grow the poses.
Chorus: Let's take a rest, enjoy the muse,
And strike a match, or light a fuse.
O'Keef: The Mac's and O's for freedom rose.
A gallant race—heroic brave sons.
And they may yet—the future knows,
Free themselves from shackles base.
Chorus: Let's take a rest, enjoy the muse,
And strike a match, or light a fuse.
Hay.: Am Rhein, am Rhein, am lieben Rhein,
Da wachsed, da wachsed, der Goetter Wein,
Belebt den Youngen mit frohen Muth,
Und kommt dem Alter auch zu Gut.
Chorus: Let's take a rest, enjoy the muse,
And strike a match, or light a fuse.

ACT II.

The second act brings us into the shades of evening, under the ambient light of a silvery moon. Marguerite and Kate have come out of their respective homes to have a little sport with their admirers. Bob and Ben, while the governors' boots rest under the bed, and the old women's heads are under the sheets. They concoct a little scheme of deception, and then sing, in subdued voices: [Shrimps for Two.]

Kate: We are gay deceivers.
On the road to teasers,
In these mountain ranges,
Hornpipe dance the sages.
Chorus: Irish and dutch—Irish and dutch,
Happy in each other's warm touch.
Kate: We love to roam this world about,
And meet glad hearts from north to south;
And then turn sail, from east to west,
Till we have caught him in our nest.
Chorus: Irish and dutch—Irish and dutch,
Happy in each other's warm touch.
Mar.: We chirp and carrol, like birds you know,
O'er heather we skip, 'neath trees lay prone,
'Till eve.-ma says: "birdie, come home."
Then hie to bed and sleep alone.
Chorus: Irish and dutch—Irish and dutch,
Happy—happy as their hands touch.
Mar.: Indian squaws, have big jaws.
And proud lads with buck saws,
Toy—softly with our hearts,

 Sirloin steak full of warts.
Chorus: Irish and dutch—Irish and dutch,
Happy—happy as their hands touch.

Thus having finished, the lively girls agree on a little game of deception, to lead their festive adorers astray, should they yet show up that night in search of a green spot. The agreement is: that each is to counterfeit the other, when the lovers come. Then they retire. After a while, sure enough Bob descends from his cove to sow his wild oats, and *ad interim* do a little cooing with one of his turtle doves, while the other is presumably safely locked in Morpheus' arms. He goes in front of her chamber, softly trilling his heartfelt pangs.

[Waiting for the Verdict.]

Bob: I am a gay young mountaineer,
And daily drink ten quarts of beer,
My rustic home, I love dear—dear.
When love shall cease this breast to stir,
Amid the grass and trees I make my bier.
But now love's spirit sways me here, [points to breast.]
Therefore I ramble now to find my dear,
If she will come and press my heart right here.

Bob facing Marguerite's window, falls on one knee and sings on.

Bob: Sweet lady of the lane, hear my prayer,
Rise from thy slumber and come near,
For I, thy lover true, is here,
Who has come to give you good cheer.
The nights are long, and days are short,
So let me see you by love's torch.

The apparent Marguerite, his dulcina now appears at the window, at first she hesitates a little, but finally permits him to enter. They sing:

[The Lover's Peccadillos.]

Kate: By jove, I had to scratch my knee,
What ominous matter can it be?
I'ze heard some "shentle" tapping,
While half way, I was napping.

Re-enter Bob with ladder, puts it at her window and mounts up.

Bob: 'Tis me, my own sweet love,
Me—me—my gentle dove.
Kate: O, mine Bob, is "dat" you,
Did you come here to miew?
Bob: Now maiden fair, I pray forbear,
When in your arms I feel no care.
Kate: Will you not deceive me?
Bob: Never, never—never!
Kate: Did you say no—never,
Or is this but lather?

They disappear. After awhile alights our Ben to meet the appointment of his guileless girl. He also kneels, and in brief but eloquent soul-felt, vibrating, vocal music sends forth his plaint on the vesper air, which stillness is only broken now and then by a score or so of catcalls, by felines on a similar mission bent.

[A Hydrocephalic Green Spot.]

B.: O, she has such a pretty foot,
With tassels on her dainty boot.
I love so dear her banged up hair,
And snow white skirts, which make her fair.
And then she is so sweet and airy, } Repeat.
The pretty flower of the prairie. }

[Falls on one knee facing her chamber and sings on.]

Yes, love me lass, is an oasis,
In this mundane wild wilderness.

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Let hymen's torch burn high and bright,
Though life is dark and naught is right.
Let's board this barge like Noah's ark,
Then we need'nt fear the world's rough bark.

The pseudo Kate appears now with lighted candle at window of O'Keef's similar located as at Hayseed's.

[An Aching Feline Duettino.]

Ben: Kittie, me pretty darling,
Kept time on forwarning.

Marguerite opens window, looks out, cat miews behind scene; sings—her manner shows surprise.

M.: Great Cæsar, have we any rats?
I heard a voice, was it the cat?
Good gracious me, what can it be.
I hope 'tis not a caterwauling bee.

B.: Ma Colleen Bawn.
'Tis me—'tis me.

M.: You "foin" rascal, Ben,
Musha go home, 'tis ten.

B.: I won't be cheated out my fun,
Through fire and water I will run.

M.: But you cannót get up here,
As I'm in the second tier.

B.: I will get up Kattie, darlint.
For love has wings to fly up with.
[He mounts ladder, while cat miews again.]

M.: But hush—what's that?

B.: 'Tis nothing but the cat.
After a mouse or rat.

The youngsters have, however, mistaken their calculation, as the old folks have slept with their weather-eye open, and have discovered the Jack in the game. They administer now an ample dose of the cat-o-nine-tail all around, when a general explanation ensues, showing that as yet no serious harm has been done, after which they wind up with a song.

[The Lie Circumstantial.]

K.: You dear old folks we did no harm
There is no cause for wild alarm.

K. and M.: We are gay deceivers
Not in love believers.

K. We put a job on these young fellows
So that they coo no more so zealous.

K. and M.: We are gay deceivers,
Not in love believers.

Mar.: We had some fun, we made them run
For their dear lives to save a bunn.
Thus we treat each naughty Shaughraun,
Or fry them like flap-jacks dark brown.

Chorus: Then happy be the bridegroom,
To have such bride to wash his spoon.

O'K.: And did you not philopœna noses?

K. & M.: No—never—roses.

O'K.: What! Never stuck your bills in *eau de roses?*

H.: Yas, did ye ever bevel noses?

K. & M.: Bevel? Never in such doses. [gal's lips never?

H.: You poys you says: your lips touched these Ben and Bob. [Both count at fingers.]
If we ever—once—twice—three times treble.

K.: Well, no harm done—then let's go to roost.

Chorus: O yes, we go to roost,
And all hands take a snooze.

They are about to retire when forth rushes from his hiding place our friend Primrose, who has silently been watching the fun of the lassies. He is rather down hearted at the waywardness of his lass, but finally agree

 to take her back to his bosom. They express their feelings in song:

[Cupid's Picket Skirmish.]

Prim.: This naughty lass—this naughty lass.
For all I care she can eat grass.
I loved her mad, ev'n to distraction.
Until my heart was but a fraction.
Chor.: He loved her madly to distraction,
Till of his heart she had a fraction.
Prim.: But Marguerite, you cruel lass.
You broke my heart into a mesh.
Mar.: Primrose, don't put on so dreadful
To-night you look so dire hateful.
Nothing is lost, you are still boss,
So shake, and let us not be cross.
I thought abroad you were vegetating,
So with the boys at home I was legislating.
Prim.: I will not shake with you to-night;
'Tween us, I think it is not right.
Chor.: He will not shake hands with his lass:
He is afraid she might give him the pass.
Mar.: Give your hand, dear Primrose, to me;
To-night we'll have the marriage-bee.
Prim.: No, lassie, no, it cannot be so,
Sporting you were with other lads, oh! oh!
Mar.: Dear Primrose, now if you don't stop,
My eyes will cry and heart will flap.
Prim.: It is then true, that in your heart I sit.
And cupid's flame is still for me there lit,
Then come and rest on this bosom true,
You never will this action rue.

[They now embrace.]

Chor.: The maiden rests on his bosom true;
That is what all the maiden's do.

[They now exeunt.]

After all have now peacefully retired, enter upon the scene the Indian warrior, thirsting for the gore of Uncle Sam's boys in the fort. A short engagement ensues, but it is stopped in time by the arrival of the peace commissioners from Washington, with orders from Uncle Sam that the Indians recieve in lieu of their native heath some bread, ham and worn-out army blankets, with a good deal of whisky. Some of the articles are brought in immediately to satisfy the voracious maws of the red devils. Our Celtic and Teutonic families, of the Sutler's persuasion having been aroused again by the tumult of war, appear now below *en dishabille;* but peace reigns again, as poor Lo sports in one hand a piece of bread and in the other a ham, while an open thimbleful of fire-water is vibrating in one of his hollow teeth. Then they all indulge in a song.

[The Warrior's Refrain.]

Com.: Let there be peace among the nations.
Chief: O yes, we have now plenty rations.
Com.: What have you done, you miserable wretches.
Cut off the head of Uncle Sam without patches.
Chief: Not "mushee" trouble "dat," father Abraham,
Poor Lo can "fixee" head on dat it matches,
With porous plaster and a well-smoked ham,
Stick on these shoulders, head of pale face nation,
A cabbage head like "that" serves well for our ration.
Com.: Behold the Indian tribe a part of our nation,
In surgery *au fait* they spoil our doctors' occupation.
Ch. and C.: We are a conglomerated hotch-potch nation.
Chineese, Indians, negroes and whites from all creation.
Beggars, gamblers and knaves, fill our national pools,

And politicians use our honest men as their tools.
O land of boasted freedom, land of shams.
True happiness is but an empty name.
Chief: Now is our Uncle Sam in Quod.
Com.: And the red man's tribe is a bad lot.

During this convivial process, one of the whisky enlivened Indian chiefs has a little sport with our Sutler's lassies. They sing: [In Clover.]

Chief: Where shall we three meet again?
Mar.: We shall meet—by the brook,
Providing—no ill-luck,
And no black—midnight-spook
Keeps us back—from this nook.

All sing chorus. Indian chief swings the flag-pole with ham.

We are coming,
We are coming,
Father Abraham,
Coming with a ham.

[Indian Chief, Marguerite and Kate sing.]

We love—we love the dear red man.
And so thus too, our Uncle Sam.
We make shrewd laws and frame wise saws,
And fill the Indian Commissioner's maws,
Then drive poor Lo from his native land,
With bread and ham and whisky rank.

Indian swings pole on which sticks ham, while all join chorus:

We are coming
We are coming,
Father Abraham,
Coming with a ham.

Now the valiant captain of the U. S. A., having sufficiently recovered from his fears of being scalped, indulges in a song: [Our Civil Service Reform.]

Capt.: I am a captain in our Uncle's army.
Commissioned by a Congress lobby.
I labored hard with politics,
And drilled the boys with whisky sticks.
At home I played the deuce with bummers.
And had a squad of voting drummers.
I thus installed our Congress hubby,
And he got me in through the lobby.
In war or peace I am a brick.
And always live by cheek and tick.
So if you want a captain be,
Pray come and see our Uncle's chief D.
Chor.: Whoever would a captain be,
Must see our Uncle's chief deputy.
Capt.: Then frighten not at spectre's looming.
Our country is still onwards booming.
Chor.: Then frighten not at spectre's looming,
Our country is still onwards booming.
Chief: I am a monarch 'mid these forest trees,
And I command an army of wild beasts.
I, as the General of the Indian Nation,
Must see that my warriors get rations.
Chor.: We must see that they get plenty rations,
Else they take our scalps with indignation.
Chief: We are the left-handed sons of this nation,
Therefore, we must be touched with care and patience.
We have papooses, proud braves and humble squaws,
Whisky and national ham fill our maws.
Chorus: We are coming,
We are coming,
Father Abraham,
Coming with a ham. THE END.

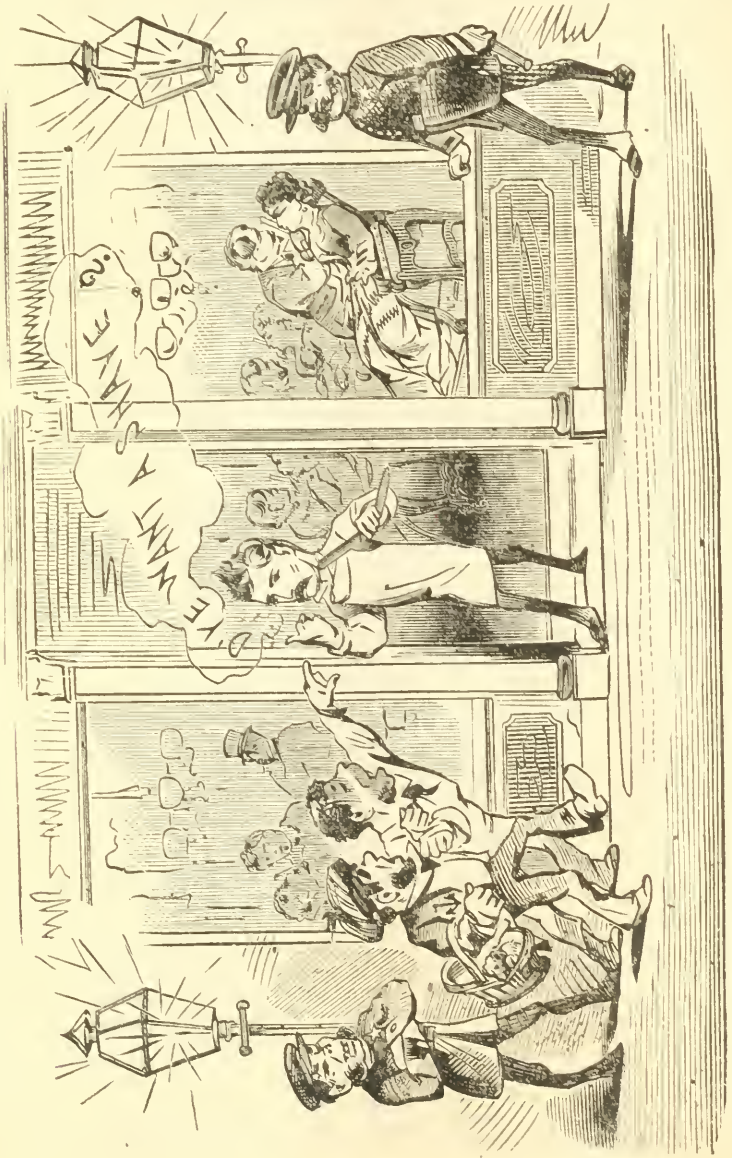
Errata.—On 2d page, read Tableaux VI instead of IV.

MULTUM IN PARVO.—The first libretto is partially an idealistic composition, and is a paraphrase of Milton's great poem of kindred name. But in this canto the ideas are clothed in different language and new material is added. In fact, only the first act has any resemblance or suggestion of that great author's work. In this composition is also a different result arrived at, showing that mankind has progressed from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous—from the lower form of organization to the higher form—both mentally and physically.

The second libretto presents a phase of Western life, near one of the military forts of the United States, portraying the oddities of our compatriots who have emigrated from the old world to the new.

The author reserves to himself and his assigns the additional right to publicly perform these dramatic compositions and to further dramatise the same. Music composers and theatre managers can negotiatewith the author.

WM. BUSH, at 1111 Clark Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.



A SCENE OF A COMEDY TO BE PUBLISHED IN THE NEXT FOLIO.

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE

FOR FAMILY RESEMBLANCE.

I and my long-eared collaborateur, Lord Asinus, have concocted this homœopathic dose of cerebral peppermint collation. As I am in doubt, I leave it to the *vox populi* to say: Who between us twain furnished the original matter and who did the mere compiling. For my own part I have great respect for the creative genius of his Lordship, particularly in case I were cornered near the aft part of his body, commonly known as his hind hoofs; thus I wish not to make any invidious distinction between myself and my long-eared confrere. Human nature in all its phases is amply illustrated by him, and you will coincide with me by looking on his phiz and that of the genus *homo*, whom you meet in your daily walk, to wit: (Mind this to wit, the legal parlance of the loco-foco). The proud chevaliers who kick you when you are down. The knights who to enrich their coffers wouldn't scrupple to rob a coffin of its shroud. The long eared, verdant and pulpy headed man and brother, who on moon-lit nights ambles past your threshold, linked to a sweet-eyed damsel (whose face is albeit laden down with a truck full of cosmetics) spinning out his———wheedling vocalism, fraught with surface love. Like a meandering brook, it ripples from his lips, but alas! like the water of the brook, it also vanishes-phantom like, in the reality of life. Nay you can trace this lordly profile in its royal state to its hiding place amid the arena of politicians, and even to the gilded palaces—shaded with classic dust and wise see-saws—hitched to a ponderous "if"—of our *soi-disant* statesmen and the bench-show masquerading in their ermine. Need I ask you? to compare the pensive, sad look of my noble Lord, and that of the gilded lover, or of that household article called, hen-pecked-husband, and you will say amen to my trist saying. Look at the man who walks off on his ear, when you ask him to loan you a dollar. The fellow who is staving mad and ready to kick your posterior part, if you ask him to pay you, that little bill he owes you. Or look at the thoughtless stubborn boy who kicks asunder the paternal harness, or even the Stoic who with sardonic smile derides the miseries, as well as the joys of life; and to complete the picture behold the "bys and gals" who grind their daily oats, like their long-eared prototype, unconcerned of hail or snow, storm or sunshine. Your cerebral machinery, if well oiled, will then affirm, that all these are grains of character which can be found in the noble bulk of the jackass.

Palmam qui meruit ferat. Give me the Tin.

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